The Christ Story

Eva March Tappan

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By Eva March Tappan

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THE CHAUCER STORY BOOK.
LETTERS FROM COLONIAL CHILDREN.
AMERICAN HERO STORIES.
THE STORY OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE.
THE STORY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE
THE GOLDEN GOOSE AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.
THE CHRIST STORY.
OLD BALLADS IN PROSE.

All of the above are illustrated.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK

PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

The Christ Story

BY

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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Published October, 1903

IN MEMORY OF MY UNCLE

Rev. Charles Langdon Tappan

IN WHOSE LIBRARY

THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

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The Christ Story

The Visits of the Angel

THE CHRIST STORY

I

THE VISITS OF THE ANGEL

THE little town of Nazareth lay on the slope of a hill just above a fair green valley in the country of Galilee. It was a pretty town, for the white houses gleamed in the sunshine as if they were made of marble. All about them were gardens, and orchards of olive, fig, and orange trees, while far above the others rose the stately palms. One could hear the cooing of doves and the sweet notes of larks and song thrushes. Sparrows and swallows and bright blue roller birds flitted across the sky. The narrow streets climbed the hill, growing narrower at every step, until they became only winding paths, roaming up, up, among marigolds, red anemones, wild geraniums, pink and white rock roses, and morning glories. From the summit one could see the hills all around, the valley below the town, with its fields and gardens divided, not by fences,

but by hedges of cactus, and, looking far to the west, the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

In this town on the hillside lived a gentle, thoughtful, Jewish girl, whose name was Mary. She was descended from the great King David, but she lived as simply as any other young girl of the place, helping to take care of the house, bringing water from the fountain, spinning, weaving, gathering wood for the fire, grinding corn, and baking bread.

Toward the end of one of the long afternoons of spring, the work of the day had been finished, and she was alone. It was almost sunset. In the hollows of the hills around Nazareth were deep shadows, but the sunshine still brightened every summit and lighted up the valley to a golden green. The twilight was deepening, but suddenly a light was round about her, and in the light there stood an angel. His wings were white and shining. He was tall and strong and beautiful, for he was Gabriel, who stands ever in the presence of God. His face was kind and gentle; and while Mary gazed at him, half in wonder and half in fear, he looked straight into her eyes and said slowly, "Hail, thou that art highly favored. The Lord is with thee. Blessed art

thou among women." What did it mean? Mary could not speak; she could only look into the face of the angel and wait to hear what message he might have brought to her.

The angel knew that she was troubled, and he said to her, "Fear not, Mary, for you have found favor with God." Then when he saw that she was no longer afraid, he gave her the most wonderful message that was ever brought to a woman in all the years since the world began. "In the days that are to come," he said, "God will send you a child. His name shall be Jesus, and he shall be called the Son of the Highest. God will give him the throne of David forever."

"How can this be?" Mary asked; but the angel answered only, "The power of the Highest shall overshadow you, and the child shall be called the Son of God." It was all so strange that the young girl did not know even what question to ask, but she said meekly, "I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be with me as you have said." The face of the angel grew still more radiant as he gazed tenderly upon her, and then he went away.

All through the silent night Mary thought about the words that the angel had spoken.

Every Jewish woman longed to be the mother of a son. The Jews had been conquered by the Romans, but they hoped that some day a child would be born among them who would become so powerful a leader that he would free his people from their tyrant rulers, and would himself become king of the Jews. The Holy Scriptures promised that this should be, and the people believed that the time of his birth was near. All her life Mary had known of the promise, but she had never dreamed that she might become the mother of this saviour of his nation. "The throne of David!" she thought joyfully. She was indeed blessed among women; she was the happiest woman in all Galilee. But the angel had said that this great leader and king would be called the Son of God. "The Son of God," she whispered to herself. "What can that mean?" All night she thought and wondered. Then she remembered other words that the angel had spoken. "Your cousin Elisabeth," he had said, "has long given up hoping for a child, but now in her old age God will give her a son." "Perhaps Elisabeth can help me to understand those strange words," thought Mary. "I will go to her."

When the morning came, she said to her friends, "I should like to go to the hill country to visit my cousin Elisabeth." So she bade farewell to her family and to one other who was not of her kindred, Joseph, a carpenter of the town. He was a faithful, upright man, and he loved Mary with his whole heart. She had promised in the presence of their friends and relatives to become his wife. Often the bride did not go to her husband's home for some months after this solemn betrothal, but it was looked upon as almost the same as a marriage. Yet she could not tell even Joseph of the visit of the angel and his mysterious words.

She set out in haste to find Elisabeth. It was not an easy journey. She must walk, for there was no money in the little household to pay for the hire of an ass. There was danger of robbers, so she joined a party of travelers who were going into the land of Judea. For five days they made their way to the southward, through olive groves and vineyards, by great fields of growing corn, past ancient tombs and cisterns hewn out of the solid rock. The path wound about cliffs, along the edge of precipices, across the fording places of rivers,

through dark and silent ravines, past little villages of flat-roofed houses, and across meadows where the lily and crocus and tulip grew. In the morning and evening the travelers pressed onward. At noon, when the sun was hot, they rested, and when night had come, they encamped in some sheltered place to sleep.

On the fifth day the journey came to its end and Mary stood before the door of Zacharias, the husband of Elisabeth. "Peace be unto you," said Mary, for that was the usual greeting in those days. "And to you be peace," was the answer that she expected, and she was much surprised when Elisabeth, the quiet, elderly woman, cried in the very words of the angel, "Blessed art thou among women! Why am I so honored that the mother of my Lord has come to me?" Then Mary knew that she might talk freely with Elisabeth about the coming of the angel. She did not understand why the child that was to come to her should be called the Son of God, or why Elisabeth had called him Lord, but she was very happy, and she chanted a song of rejoicing: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

THE MEETING OF MARY AND ELIZABETH

The two women talked together of the visit of the angel, of the freedom that was to come to their people, and of what the mysterious words, "Son of God," "Son of the Highest," could mean. Then Elisabeth, too, had a wonderful story to tell. "It was the turn of Zacharias to minister at the Temple in Jerusalem," she said, "and the lot had fallen to him to sprinkle the incense upon the altar. He put on the white robe, he bathed his hands and his feet in the brazen laver, and then he went through the great golden doors into the Holy Place. There was the table of shewbread, there were the seven golden lamps that burn night and day, and there was the altar of incense. There was nothing between him and the awful Holy of Holies, where God himself dwells, but the golden gates and the curtains of blue and scarlet and purple. The little bell tinkled, the coals were laid upon the altar, and he was alone. He sprinkled the incense, and he prayed for the people of Israel; and as the fragrant smoke rose to heaven, so rose also the prayers of all the people who were waiting in the Temple for him to come out and give them his blessing. And as he bowed before the altar, he saw the strong an-

gel Gabriel standing before him on the right side of the altar. My husband was afraid, but the angel said, 'Fear not, Zacharias. God has heard your prayer. You shall have a son, and you shall call his name John, for he is the gift of God. You shall be glad and happy in him, for he will make the people ready for the coming of the Lord.' Now we had wished so many years that a son might be born to us that my husband could hardly believe his prayer was answered at last, and he begged of the angel, 'Give me a sign, I pray you, that I may be sure of this.' Then the angel said, 'This is the sign. You shall not be able to speak a word till these things have come to pass.' The people in the Temple could not understand why he stayed so long. They began to wonder if he could have committed some sin, or if he had not prayed and sprinkled the incense in the way that God had commanded, and therefore death had come to him in the Holy Place. At last he came out and lifted up his hands to bless them, but he could not speak. His face shone with joy, and the people whispered to one another, 'He must have seen a vision.' He beckoned to them and tried to tell them by signs, but they

could not understand. Then he came home to me, and we have been so happy ever since that day."

So it was that Mary and Elisabeth talked together through the long, bright weeks of the summer. Mary stayed in the hill country three months, and then she went back to Nazareth and to Joseph.

A vision had come to Joseph, too, the hard-working carpenter, the quiet, silent man with the strong hand and the tender heart. As he slept, an angel appeared to him in a dream and said, "Joseph, take your wife Mary to your home. She shall have a son, and he is the child that God promised many years ago should some day come to save his people." Then Joseph took Mary to his own house, and as he stood at the carpenter's bench and she did the work of the little home, their hearts were full of joy and wonder as they waited for the coming of the child who was to be called the Son of God.

It was in those days that the son of Zacharias and Elisabeth was born, he who was to make the people ready for the coming of the Lord. The house was thronged with neighbors and kinsfolk, who had come to rejoice

with Elisabeth that at last she was the mother of a son. They supposed that he would be called Zacharias, after the name of his father, but Elisabeth said, "No; he is to be called John." "None of your family ever had that name," they said, but she only smiled and repeated, "He is to be called John." The people were so surprised that they turned to Zacharias and asked what he wished the child to be named. Zacharias could not speak, but he made signs that he wanted a writing tablet, and on it he wrote, "His name is John." Then the power to speak came to him again, and as he looked at the child, God put it into his heart to say, "Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways." The friends and kinsfolk were astonished and half afraid, and all the way home they talked about these strange things. They told their neighbors, and the people living in the hill country of Judea all wondered what the child would become; but Zacharias and Elisabeth talked together reverently of that other Child who was to come to Mary, of him for whom their child was to prepare the people, of him who was to be called the Son of God.

The Coming of the Child

II

THE COMING OF THE CHILD

WHILE Mary and Joseph were living quietly in their little home, the emperor, Augustus Cæsar, ordered that all the people in his empire should be counted and taxed. The Jews were descended from the twelve sons of Jacob, and it was proclaimed throughout their land that every man of the nation must go to have his name written on the emperor's list in whatever city had been the home of the son from whom he was descended. Joseph, as well as Mary, was descended from David, and so he must go to Bethlehem, the city in which David's ancestor, Judah, had made his home.

The emperor's command must be obeyed at once, but the time of the coming of the Child was near, and Joseph could not leave Mary alone. What should they do? Then Mary said, "I will go to Bethlehem with you. The journey is hard, but it will be harder to stay

alone without you to take care of me." So they went away from Nazareth, Mary riding on an ass and Joseph walking by her side. Hundreds of others were making the same journey. Some were not sorry to go to see places that were new to them, some were angry at having to leave their homes. Some complained of the roughness of the roads, but others only laughed at the discomforts. Joseph and Mary kept a little apart from the rest of the company, for they were thinking of the Child who should be the king of his people.

At last they came to the gates of Bethlehem, and went slowly up the steep and narrow streets into the town. Mary was very tired, and she must rest; but where should they find shelter? The people of that land were always ready to welcome strangers to their homes, but the guest chambers of the houses of Bethlehem had long before been given up to those who had come first. Joseph asked at one house after another, "Is there room for us here?" But every house was full. The streets were thronged with visitors; never before had the town been so crowded. "Perhaps we can find room at the inn," he said, and they went to the inn. This was hardly

BETHLEHEM

more than a great empty building, but there the traveler could find water, a place to spread the mat on which he slept, and all the shelter that was usually needed in so warm a climate. "Is there room for us here?" he asked; but the answer was, "No; the inn is full." Near the inn was a kind of cave cut into the soft rock, where the cattle were kept. It was better to stay in the cave than to be under the open sky, so Joseph spread straw on the ground and laid the mat upon it. There they slept, and there it was that the Child was born who was to be called the Son of God. He was wrapped in a long band of cloth, which the people called swaddling clothes, and was laid in a manger.

Mary rested, and Joseph watched and guarded, that no harm should come to her and to the Child. The cattle chewed the cud and looked about them with gentle, wondering eyes. The stars grew brighter, the night more silent. Suddenly Joseph heard hasty footsteps. There was a little swinging lamp at the entrance of the cave, and although it gave only a dim light, he could see men bending forward and peering in. He raised his hand and whispered "Hush!" but the men

did not seem to hear him. They were gazing at the Child, who lay in the manger, and they cried joyfully, "The Christ of God! The Lord has remembered his people."

Then they told a wonderful story. "We are the shepherds of the flocks of the Temple," they said, "and as we sat in the field and kept watch by night, an angel of the Lord stood by us, and the glory of the Lord shone round about us, and we were afraid. But the angel said, 'Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy that is come to all people.' Then he pointed toward Bethlehem and said, 'There is born to you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.' Now we had seen no signs of rejoicing, though we thought that even out on the hills such mighty news as that might well have come to us, but the angel said, 'This is the sign: You shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.' And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' Then we said to one another, 'Let us go to Bethlehem and find the Christ.' We came with haste, and now we have found

HOLY FAMILY

him who is the Christ of God." The shepherds gazed worshipfully upon the Child, but they could not stay long, for the sheep in their care must be watched and guarded from wild beasts. So in the early morning they went down the streets of Bethlehem. They were so happy that they cried aloud, "Emmanuel, Emmanuel! The Lord is with his people! Praise God, the Christ is come!" and all that heard them wondered what the cries could mean.

In the stable of the inn the Child slept peacefully, Mary lay and thought about every word that the shepherds had spoken, and Joseph sat leaning against the rough wall of the cave. He, too, was thinking. He remembered that some men of his nation were rich and learned, that some were priests and served in the beautiful Temple in Jerusalem. "I am only a village carpenter," he said to himself, "but God has given me the care of his Christ." He was too happy to sleep, and he whispered, "The Christ, the Lord's Christ! The Saviour of my people! The King! And God will let me care for him! Blessed be the name of the Lord."

The Childhood
of Jesus

III

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

When a Jewish boy was eight days old, a name was given him, and then he was looked upon as being really a member of the nation. The Jews felt that this was an important occasion, for although they were no longer free, they still believed that God loved them better than any other people. Joseph gave to the Child the name of Jesus, or saviour, as the angel had bidden. Forty days after a boy was born there was another important ceremony, for the little one was taken to the Temple to be presented to the Lord.

This is why, when Jesus was six weeks old, he was carried by his mother and Joseph down the hill of Bethlehem and all the way to Jerusalem. They went through the gate and up into the city to the height on which stood the beautiful Temple of marble and gold, of mosaic and curiously carven cedar wood, the Temple

of nine magnificent gates, of costly curtains of purple and scarlet, of golden doors overhung with golden grapes in clusters as large as the body of a man. Every Jewish mother must go to the house of God to thank him for her child, and give a lamb for sacrifice on the altar; or if she was too poor to buy a lamb, she must bring a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons. Mary and Joseph could not afford a lamb, so they brought a pair of doves. The great silver trumpets were blown to tell all around that it was the hour of the morning sacrifice. Mary gave to the priest the little wicker cage in which the two doves were, and they were offered up on the altar.

Then came the ceremony of presenting the Child Jesus. The Jews believed that every firstborn son belonged especially to God, but that, if the parents did not wish him to remain in the Temple and aid in the service, they might free him by paying a piece of silver money. Joseph laid Jesus in the arms of the priest who was ministering in the Temple. "My wife is an Israelite," he said, "and this is her firstborn son." "Will you give him up to Jehovah?" asked the priest, "or will you redeem him by paying five shekels?" "Take the

five shekels," answered Joseph. Then the priest said, "This money is instead of this child." He laid his hands upon the Child's forehead and prayed, "The Lord bless and preserve thee. God keep thee from all evil and save thy soul."

The priest had many times received money to redeem firstborn sons, and he did not see that this child was different from others, but in Jerusalem there was an old man named Simeon who had prayed for many years that he might see the Christ before he died. God had promised to grant his wish, and this day, as he came into the Temple, he saw the Child and took him in his arms and praised God. Then he prayed aloud, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." He gave his blessing to Mary and Joseph, and went away with joy and thankfulness. As he left them, a holy woman named Anna drew near, who was also very old. She, too, spent days and nights in prayer, and she, too, was longing to see the Lord's Christ. When she saw Mary and Joseph and the Child, God told her that this was the Christ, who had come at last. "Thanks be to our own

God," she said, and she was so happy that she cried to all the people around, " God is good to the sons of Israel. He has remembered his promise and has sent us the Christ." She gazed upon the face of the Child as if she could not turn away, but at last she said farewell. Then Mary and Joseph and the Child went back to Bethlehem.

In Bethlehem they lingered week after week. Their ancestors had lived in that town, and there must have been many places that they wished to visit and kinsfolk whom they were glad to meet. The crowds that had come to have their names written on the emperor's list had returned to their homes, the guest chambers were vacant, and the family could find a welcome in some one of the houses of the village. There was always work for a carpenter, wherever he might go, and Joseph's own hands could easily earn enough to support his loved ones. They did not need many things. They were comfortable if they had a mat to sleep on, some fruit or vegetables, and a little grain crushed between the millstones of a friend.

While they were staying in Bethlehem, the people of Jerusalem, six miles away, were greatly excited at the arrival of some strangers

from distant lands. They were rich, they rode on camels, servants came with them to wait on them and to fight if there was danger from robbers. Their robes were dyed with the priceless dyes of the far-away countries of the East, and in the golden fringes of their saddle cloths little golden bells tinkled musically as the camels strode up to the gates of the city. The people of Jerusalem were used to the visits of strangers who came to buy or to sell, to worship at the Temple, or to pay court to King Herod, whom the Roman emperor had sent to rule their land; but these men had nothing to sell, they did not go to the palace of the king, and they did not even turn their eyes toward the magnificent Temple on the hill, though it gleamed and glittered in the morning sunshine. They were grave and silent and dignified. When they spoke to one another, they spoke in an unknown tongue. Who could they be? The people called them the "Wise Men," but no one could guess what they wanted. Crowds followed them up the street. Suddenly the Wise Men stopped and looked around them as if they were puzzled, and spoke together in a strange language. Then one of them turned to the crowd and asked, in the tongue of the

Jews, but with the accent of a foreigner, "Where is he?" "Who?" cried the crowd with one voice. "Where is the king?" "In the palace with the Roman eagle over the gate," the people answered. The Wise Men shook their heads. "No," said they, "where is he that is born King of the Jews? We have seen his star in the East and have come to do him honor."

Then all Jerusalem was interested. Most people believed that learned men who watched the heavens could tell by the movements of the planets what was to happen on the earth. "Perhaps the Christ is really come," the Jews said. "He will free us from the Roman emperor and become king of the world." They forgot the Wise Men and hurried to the Temple. They searched through and through the rolls of parchment on which the Holy Scriptures were written to make sure that no prophecy of the coming of Christ had been overlooked. "Israel will be free," they whispered to one another. "We shall not have to obey King Herod much longer."

Herod lived in a magnificent palace. The Roman eagle was over its gate, to show that he had been made king by the emperor of

Rome. All things about him were rich and beautiful, but he was suffering from a painful disease. He could hardly expect to live long, but he meant to hold firmly to his kingdom while he did live and to punish every one who opposed him. Only a little before this time a plot had been formed to drive him from his throne, but he had discovered it, and the leaders of the plot had been strangled or burned alive. When Herod's spies told him how excited people were in Jerusalem, and that they believed Christ had come upon the earth and would soon free his people from Rome, Herod formed a shrewd and evil plan. First, he ordered the chief priests to come together and with them the scribes, or learned men whose business it was to teach and explain the religious laws and ceremonies. Then he said to them, "I should like to know more of Christ. Where do the Scriptures say that he is to be born?" The priests and scribes answered, "In Bethlehem in Judea. That is what the prophecy says." Herod rejoiced, for he thought it would be easy to find the Child in Bethlehem, so he sent away the priests and scribes and said to his spies, "Go and find the Wise Men and bring them before me."

When the Wise Men had come, Herod treated them courteously as strangers whom he wished to honor. "But tell me of the star," said he. "When did it appear, and what do you think it means?" Then the Wise Men told him that it was the custom in their country to look at a certain part of the heavens to find what was to come to pass in Judea. In that part they had seen three brilliant planets, and after a while a glowing star, or comet, had appeared among them. "That means," said they, "that a great man is born in this land." "And who is he?" asked Herod. "The Jews who live among us believe that the time is come when Christ shall be born, who will become ruler of the world," answered the Wise Men. The star had been first seen some months before. It moved toward the west, and they had left their homes and made the long journey over mountains and deserts and plains to follow it, for they hoped to find the Christ-child and do him honor. "That is well," said Herod. "I, too, should be glad to see the Christ. Do you go to Bethlehem and search out the young child. When you have found him, bring me word so that I may come and honor him."

THE MADONNA

The Wise Men left Herod and went their way. They were very happy, for the star seemed nearer than ever, and soon it stood over one of the houses of Bethlehem. They went into the house, and saw the young Child with Mary his mother, and they fell down before him, as the custom was when one wished to show respect. Then they opened their treasures and presented gifts to him, gold, frankincense, and myrrh. "King Herod, too, wishes to come to see the Child," they said, "and we will hasten back at the break of day to tell where he may be found." But as they slept, they dreamed, and in the dream God warned them not to return to Herod; so they went back to their own country another way.

When Herod saw that in spite of all his courteous speeches to the Wise Men, and his pretended eagerness to honor the Christ-child, they had not believed him and had gone back to their own land, he was very angry, and he was more determined than ever to destroy the Child. "This is surely the Christ," he said to himself, "and if he lives, he will become a leader of the Jews and drive me from my throne." Herod had already murdered his wife, his sons, his brother-in-law, and others

of his kinsmen and friends. The death of a few little children was nothing to him, and he gave the order that every baby boy in Bethlehem should be killed. To make sure that the Christ-child was among those that were slain, he commanded that no boy under two years of age should live; and lest even then the Child should escape, he told his officers to put to death not only the little ones in Bethlehem, but those in all the country about the town. The lonely mothers wept and lamented, but King Herod rejoiced, for now he was sure that the Leader of whom he was so much afraid had been slain. He did not know that before the murderers began their cruel work, God had sent a dream to Joseph and had said, "Arise, and take the Child and his mother and flee into Egypt, for Herod will try to destroy him."

Joseph arose, and without waiting for the morning, they set out in haste for the land of Egypt, Mary riding on the ass with the Child clasped in her arms, and Joseph walking by her side. They must go swiftly, for at any moment Herod might find out that they had fled; and at every unusual sound they looked behind them, fearing that his soldiers were

following them. They had gold, the gift of the Wise Men, and they might have rested at the inns, but they were afraid that the spies of Herod would be watching for them at every public place and among every company of travelers. It was safer for them to go alone, to make their way by winding paths rather than by the more traveled roads, and to encamp under the open sky rather than sleep in the village inns.

It was just a year since Mary had gone to her cousin Elisabeth with her questions and wonderings. How much had happened in those few months! — the coming of the Child, the visit of the shepherds, the blessing of the saintly Simeon and Anna in the Temple, and last, the honor shown by the Wise Men and the presentation of the gifts that they had brought. They were strange gifts for a young babe: gold, the tribute to a king; frankincense, the offering of the priest; myrrh — Mary shuddered at the thought, for myrrh was the bitter gum that was used in embalming the dead.

The little family hastened toward Egypt, and on the third or fourth day they could see the blue gleaming of a river. It was only a tiny

stream, but on one side was the land ruled by Herod, and on the other side was Egypt, in which Herod had no power. They went across the shallow fording-place, and once on the farther side, they needed no longer to fear what Herod could do to them. The Child was safe.

Indeed there had not been any great danger of Herod's soldiers following them, for Herod was satisfied that the Christ-child had been slain among the babies whom his men had murdered in Bethlehem, and he went on in his wicked way without further thought of the newborn king of the Jews. After a while Joseph dreamed once more, and in his dream the angel of the Lord appeared and said, "Arise, Joseph, and take the Child and his mother and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead that wished to kill him." Then Joseph and Mary and the Child returned to their own land. They would have been glad to go to Bethlehem, the city of their ancestors, but as they came near to Judea the news reached them that Archelaus, the most cruel of the sons of Herod, reigned in his father's place. Again God spoke to Joseph in a dream, and he went to Galilee, to a house in

THE REPOSE IN EGYPT

the village of Nazareth — perhaps the same one to which he had first brought Mary.

The home of the Child Jesus in Nazareth was a white, flat-roofed dwelling, with one room and one door. A shelf ran around the room, and on it were a few earthen dishes and the mats on which the family slept. There was also a small round table on which they ate. In the middle of the room hung a lamp, and in the corner was a chest painted with bright colors. In this chest were the things that the family valued most, — their best clothes and copies of the Scriptures written on parchment. Outside the door stood the earthen jars that were kept full of water brought from the village spring. They were shaded by vines which climbed up to the roof, and at the edge of the roof sat the doves cooing together and smoothing their feathers.

Here it was that the Holy Child played in the sunshine, picked the flowers that bloomed all around, and listened to the songs of the birds. It was the custom for Jewish boys to go to school at six years of age, and there they were taught not only to read, and perhaps to write, but how the many feasts and fasts should be kept and why they were kept. The Child Jesus

learned these things, the commandments, the psalms, and all the ceremonies that the Jew was required to observe. He was taught that it was wrong to take more than four steps from his bed in the morning without washing his hands and face, and that even this washing must be done in a way ordered by the religious law. The pitcher must first be taken in the right hand, then passed into the left, and the water must be poured over the right hand three times while the fingers of that hand were open and pointing downwards. Water was then poured upon the left hand in the same way, the face was washed three times, and the ceremony came to an end with a prayer. When it was time for the new moon to appear, the villagers would stand outside of their houses, and as soon as they caught the first glimpse of the light they would cry, "Blessed be thou, O Lord, who renewest the moons!" The most sacred time of all the year was the Passover season, kept as a reminder of the night when the angel of death took the life of the first-born son in each Egyptian family but "passed over" the sons of the Jews. The Passover supper was eaten every year in Jewish homes. A cup of wine was passed to each guest and

NAZARETH

blessed by the head of the family. After the drinking of the wine, bitter herbs, unleavened bread, and the roasted Passover lamb were brought in. Then the youngest child present asked, "What do you mean by this service?" and the father told the story of the deliverance of the Israelites from the hands of the Egyptians. The lamb and the unleavened bread were eaten, psalms were sung, three more cups of wine were drunk, and the solemn feast closed with a blessing.

All Jews wished to keep the Passover in Jerusalem. Joseph and Mary went every year, and when the Child Jesus was twelve years of age he went with them. He went to services in the great Temple of white and gold; he heard the blowing of the sacred horns to tell that the time for slaying the lambs of sacrifice had come; and he heard the choirs chanting the psalms of David. He saw the hundreds of thousands of persons flocking into the Holy City. He saw the men of the Temple go out with sickle and basket to cut the sheaf of barley that was threshed, dried over a sacred fire, ground into fine flour, and offered up to God as the firstfruit of the harvest. He saw far to the south of the Temple the Valley of

Hinnom, in which fires blazed day and night to burn the refuse of the city, and he was told that in the old days of worshiping idols, little children had been thrown into the flames in sacrifice to the heathen gods.

At the close of the feast thousands of people set out homeward by every road that led away from Jerusalem. Joseph and Mary and the Child Jesus were to travel back to Nazareth with one of the groups, made up chiefly of their neighbors and kinsfolk. Soon after leaving the city their band would separate from the whole great company, but until that time all was confusion. Thousands whose homes lay scattered over northern Palestine left Jerusalem at the same time. The noise and confusion can hardly be imagined. There was shouting for friends who could not be found; there was the sound of blows and curses as the drivers of the mules urged on their beasts; there were shrieks of terror as some little party were nearly run down by the long lines of camels; there were clouds of dust; there were heavy falls and screams and running to and fro. It would have been bad enough in the daytime, but it was so much cooler after sunset that the start was always made at night,

HIS FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM

and in the flaring of the torches one would catch a glimpse of a friend's face, and then it would disappear into the darkness. Except for the danger of being run over, people felt less anxiety about their friends than one would think; for they knew that each would find his company at the separating of the roads, and then they would go on peacefully through the green valleys and up the slopes of the hills.

The Child Jesus was not with Mary and Joseph, but they supposed he was with some of their kinsfolk. Most of the great multitude would scatter before the coming of the night, and at the first encampment he would be with them. Nightfall came, but the Child Jesus did not appear. Mary's face grew pale, and she sank to the ground. He might have been trampled down in the wild confusion; he might have wandered away with some other company; perhaps he was lost to her forever. Joseph went about with set face and long, quick strides to every little group. "Have you seen my Jesus?" he cried. "No," was the answer. Not one person had seen him since the night before. Then Mary and Joseph turned back toward Jerusalem, Mary weeping, and Joseph in stern anger with himself. "I was

the man chosen of God to care for the Child, and I have neglected my trust," he thought. Over and over he groaned, "Unfaithful, unfaithful!" They went to one house after another, to every little tent that whitened the hillside, asking at each one, "Have you seen my Jesus?" and hearing the same reply, "No, we have not seen him." For three days they walked about the city. "This is where they went to cut the first sheaf," said Joseph, "and Jesus was with them." "And this is the path that leads to the Temple," said Mary. "He loved to go to the Temple. Let us go there!"

So up the hill to the great shining Temple they went. They wandered about among the stalls, where doves were sold for sacrifice and money-changers had set up their tables. They went mournfully from court to court, from porch to porch. Suddenly Mary cried, "Listen! I hear his voice!" And she hastened along the corridor and into a court where sat men who were wise in the law, and had come there to teach whoever wished to be instructed by them; and here was the Child Jesus, listening to them and asking them questions. Mary was so surprised and

so happy that she could not speak, and as she stood leaning against a pillar she saw that those teachers of the people — men who had spent their lives in studying the law — were leaving their seats and pressing closer and closer about her son, asking him questions and listening to his answers as if he were as old and as wise as they.

When he was silent, Mary beckoned to him and said, "Son, why have you done this? For three days we have searched for you, sorrowing." The Child Jesus looked surprised. He put his hand into his mother's and said, "But why did you search for me? Did you not know that I should be in my Father's house?"

The Days at Nazareth

IV

THE DAYS AT NAZARETH

Joseph and Mary and the Child went back to Nazareth. But now Jesus was looked upon as no longer a child ; for with the Jews a boy of thirteen was called a young man, and must choose a trade to learn. Jesus chose to be a carpenter, and Joseph was glad to teach him how to use the hammer and saw and chisel. It was not many years before he could work as skillfully as his teacher. He grew tall and strong, but he was as gentle and loving as when he was a little child, and he obeyed Mary and Joseph just as he had done in those days. All the people about his home knew him and loved him.

When he and his mother sat together at twilight, she must have told him about the angel who had promised her that he should become king of his nation, and about Simeon and Anna, who had blessed him in the Temple.

She could not have helped speaking of the coming of the shepherds and the visit of the Wise Men, who had bowed down before him when he was a tiny baby lying in the manger at Bethlehem. Joseph, too, had a story to tell. "No one in Bethlehem had room for us," he said, "and that was why you were born in the cave where the cattle were kept." Then Joseph told him of the dream in which the Lord said, "Take the Child and his mother and flee into Egypt, for Herod will try to destroy him."

So the days went on. Joseph was careful to obey the rules of the priests, and Jesus was taught to do whatever they required. There were rules telling how almost every action of the day should be done, even how one should eat and drink and dress, if he wished to be called a righteous man. There were so many feasts and fasts that fifty-nine days out of every year were given up to these religious celebrations. Less than two months after the Passover came the Festival of Firstfruits. Then again the roads were filled with companies of people traveling up to Jerusalem. Herds of oxen and sheep for sacrifice were driven before them. Doves were carried in great baskets, to be

offered up on the altar. The first wheat that had ripened was bound into sheafs and made bright with wreaths of lilies and roses; for this, too, was going to be offered up to God to show that the people were grateful for the harvest. Every one wore his best clothes, — the bright-colored holiday garments that were kept in the painted chests, — and many wore wreaths of flowers. As they drew near to Jerusalem, banners waved, musicians played, and the whole company sang psalms of praise and gladness. They went through the gates, and all the way up to the Temple the people who lived in the Holy City cried, "Welcome, welcome! Welcome to Jerusalem!"

When the harvest was fully in, when even the grapes and olives had been gathered, then came the Feast of Tabernacles, or tents, and the people gave thanks for the completed harvest. The feast was held for another reason, — so that the Israelites might never forget the days when their ancestors were wandering in the wilderness and lived in tents. Again crowds of worshipers went to the Temple to offer up the best of their fruits. They sang psalms, and they waved palm branches. The houses of Jerusalem were adorned with flowers.

Green boughs waved from the windows. The whole city was like a forest, for the streets and the flat roofs were half hidden by booths, or tents, made of branches covered with leaves and woven together, to bring to mind the tents in the wilderness. At night the city was bright with candles and lanterns, and the happy pilgrims feasted and enjoyed themselves.

There were fast days, too, and many of them, in the Jewish year. The most sacred and solemn was the Day of Atonement. From sunset of the previous evening until three stars were seen in the sky on "the Day," as it was called, no one might eat or drink. All day long Jewish men stood in the synagogue, wearing the white shrouds in which they were to be buried when they died. That was the day when the priest laid his hands upon the head of a goat, made confession for the people, and then sent it away into the wilderness, to signify that God's forgiveness had taken away the sins of the nation. On that one day of all the year the high priest entered the Holy of Holies, where God himself dwelt; and when he came out, the crowds thronged about him to congratulate him that his ser-

vice had been so perfect that God had not been angry with him and struck him dead.

Jesus saw these ceremonies so many times that they were as familiar to him as the narrow street on which he lived. He knew also the hundreds of rules for daily life which a Jew was bidden by the teachers to observe, — the ceremonial law, as they were called. Certain things were "clean," or permitted to be used, while others were "unclean," or forbidden, these teachers said. A flat plate could always be used, but one with a rim might become unclean. Some things could be purified, or cleansed, by washing, but others, once unclean, could never become clean. The only way to purify a dish of earthenware was to break it; and even then the Jew who touched one of the larger fragments became unclean, and until he had been purified he could have no part or lot in the sacrifices and prayers made for his people. A tax must be paid to the priests on all kinds of vegetables, and if a Jew ate a melon or a cucumber and did not first make sure that the tax had been paid, he committed a sin.

Jesus kept the feasts and fasts. He obeyed the rules of the priests. He went to the homes

of his friends, and joined in the pleasures of the village. The people who had honored him in his infancy as the Christ seem to have forgotten him. Simeon and Anna were dead; the shepherds did not come again, no messengers journeyed from the far-away lands of the East to ask for the King of the Jews. Perhaps some who did not forget were tired of waiting for him to come forward and raise an army to conquer the world. It did not occur to them that when Christ came to free the Jews he might spend many years of his life in a village working at the bench of a carpenter. Perhaps they were sorry and ashamed that they had ever trusted that this Child would free his people. The world seemed to grow more wicked, and the Jews were ruled still more harshly by the Romans. Some men felt that it was impossible to live good lives in the midst of so much wrongdoing, and they went away to desert places apart from other men. There they lived in caves; they drank only water, and ate only the simplest food. They obeyed the ceremonial law with the greatest strictness, and so tried to make themselves pleasing to God.

Among these hermits was John, the son

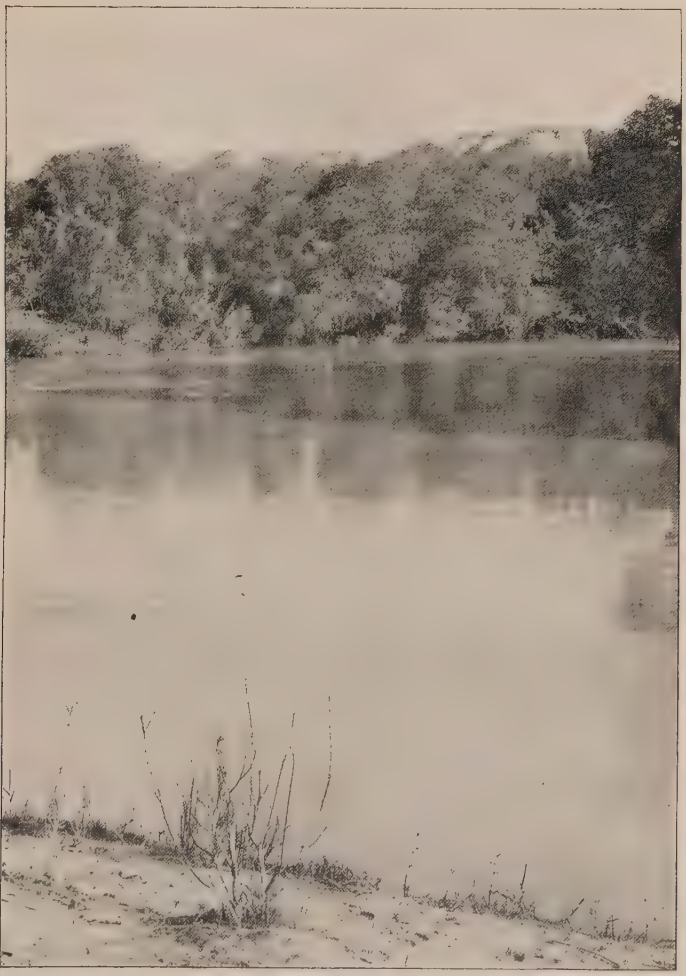
whom the angel had promised to Zacharias and Elisabeth. His parents were so happy when he was born that they vowed to God their child should be a Nazarite; that is, one set apart for God's special service. The Nazarite must drink no wine, and he must never cut his hair. It was believed that God would bless every one that made such sacrifices to please him.

Elisabeth must have told John of the many years that they had hoped in vain for a child, and of the coming of the angel into the Holy Place to tell them that their prayer had been heard. Then his father would say, "When you were born, God put it into my mind to declare, 'Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways.' That means that you are to teach people to make ready for the coming of Christ." John had known all his life that God had some special work for him to do, and when he had grown into a strong, fearless man, he went out into the wilderness to think and to pray.

This wilderness was a desolate place. There were steep precipices, gorges, and chasms, there were gloomy caves, there were barren hills and pinnacles of rock. Poisonous serpents crept

about in the shadow; crocodiles and wild beasts made their home in this desert; robbers and murderers dwelt among the cliffs. Close to the bed of the river Jordan there were sometimes masses of reeds waving in the wind. Higher up were oaks and willows and sycamores and palms, and higher still, where the spring floods never came, was the hot sandy desert. Here John stayed, thinking and praying. After a while people began to say to one another, "There is a holy man living in the wilderness round about Jordan. Let us go out and hear what he has to say."

It was a strange preacher to whom they went. He wore a coarse garment of haircloth kept in place by a leather girdle. His hair had never been cut, and it hung in heavy masses. His eyes were keen and fiery. He never drank wine, but only water from the river. He ate the locusts that swarmed in the desert and the honey that the wild bees had stored in the clefts of the rocks. People believed that before the reign of the Christ should begin, Elijah, greatest of the prophets of the early times, would appear upon earth. "Perhaps this is Elijah," one said to another; and first little groups and then vast companies



THE JORDAN

of all kinds of people from Jerusalem and all Judea, and the country round about the Jordan, began to flock to the wilderness to learn how soon their ruler would appear, and when the kingdom of the Jews would begin.

But this preacher said nothing about the kingdom of the Jews. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," he cried. "Repent of your sins, or God will punish you, whether you are Abraham's children or not. Repent, and be baptized in the river to show that you wish to be made pure."

One day many Pharisees came to hear John. They were people who believed themselves to be more holy than others because they observed more strictly the ceremonies required by the teachers, or rabbis. When John saw them he was angry, for he knew that they did not come to learn, but only that the multitude might think well of them, and he cried, "O children of serpents, if you are sorry for your sins, show it by your acts. Every tree that does not bear good fruit shall be cut down and thrown into the fire." The publicans, or tax gatherers, came, and they asked, "Master, what ought we to do?" These publicans were hated and despised because they col-

lected from their countrymen the taxes that were paid to the Roman emperor; but the fiery preacher spoke to them far more gently than to the Pharisees. "Be just," he said, "and do not fill your own purses by obliging men to pay you more than the Romans require." Then the soldiers asked, "And what ought we to do?" John answered, "Do not frighten people and force them to give you money, but be satisfied with your wages."

This was all very different from the teachings of the rabbis. John did not talk about things being clean or unclean; he did not tell them whether purifying should be done with spring water or cistern water. He said only, "You are wicked, and if you do not repent and ask God to forgive you, he will punish you. Repent, and make yourselves ready for Christ. The Leader is coming. Be ready to meet him."

The multitude did not know what to think of such a teacher as this. "I do not believe that John the baptizer is a prophet," said one. "I believe he himself is the Christ." Many of John's hearers agreed with this man. "John shall lead us," they cried, "and the kingdom of God will come. You, you are

the Christ," they said to John; but he answered, "No, I am not the Christ. I baptize you with water to show that you wish to be made pure, but the Christ is coming, and he will baptize you with the Holy Spirit."

So many people thronged to hear John that even the priests in Jerusalem began to think he might be the Christ, and they went out to the wilderness to ask him who he was. "Are you the Christ?" they asked, and he answered, "No." "Are you Elijah?" "No, I am not." "But we cannot go back to Jerusalem without some answer. Who are you? What do you say of yourself?" John might have said that he was a descendant of a long line of priests that stretched back for fifteen hundred years, but he forgot all about himself and thought only of the Christ who was coming. "I am a voice," he said, "a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Make yourselves ready for the coming of the Lord.'" Some of the Pharisees had come with the priests, and they demanded, "Why do you baptize if you are not the Christ nor Elijah nor a prophet?" John answered, "I baptize with water, but among you is One whom you do not know, and I am not worthy to untie the fastening of

his shoe." The priests went back to Jerusalem, and John stood in the river Jordan, baptizing one after another as they confessed that they had done wrong and promised to do better.

Among those that came was One who made no confession. The preacher waited a moment, but he heard no words of sorrow for sin. Then he looked into the face of the man. It was calm and pure. The dark eyes met his own, unclouded by any shadow of wrongdoing.

"He is a man without sin," thought the preacher, and he said meekly, "Jesus, do you come to me to be baptized? I ought rather to go to you." But the Other said, "Let it be so now, for we must obey God's commandment." So it was that Jesus was baptized; and as he went up from the water, a white dove came softly down in the gleam of the sunshine and circled around him. It rested on its wings for a moment over his head, and a voice came out of the heavens which said, "Thou art my beloved Son."

Jesus went up from the water and walked silently away, going farther and farther into the wilderness. He was now thirty years old, and he would be permitted to teach in the synagogues, or Jewish churches; but before he

began to teach he wished to be alone with God, to pray and to think what his Father wanted him to do. For forty days he was in the desert. He fasted, for he had no thought of food, but when the forty days were at an end he hungered. The stones that lay on the ground at his feet were shaped like loaves of bread. It would be easy to say, "Become bread," to eat and be no longer hungry and faint. Then came the thought, "I am to work wonders, not for my own ease, but to prove to men that I am come from God. My Father will give me food."

"I am come from God" — he said the words over to himself. "And yet, many will scoff at me and will not believe in me. If I should work one great miracle that thousands would see, they could not doubt." He thought of Jerusalem, the city that he loved, of the shining Temple, of the highest pinnacle, and of the deep valley that lay below it. "My Father has given his angels charge concerning me," he said aloud. "I could cast myself down from that pinnacle and feel no touch of harm. All Jerusalem would see the power of God." Then he thought, "My people know that God is power, but I am sent to

show them that God is love. My miracles must make them feel grateful to him and love him."

The heart of Jesus was so full of pity and love for men that he cried aloud in the lonely wilderness, "Oh, if I could but tell all the people on earth of my Father's love!" Then he said to himself, "I can. I need not wait to teach little groups of men. I can destroy with a word all who would oppose me, and rule the world by the law of God." But he thought, "My Father has sent me to teach men and persuade them, not to force them. My Father's way is best;" and as if the thought of a kingdom of force were a person he cried, "Away from me, thou evil one! Get thee hence! My Father's way is best."

Jesus was faint and weary, but God had given the angels charge concerning him, and they came and ministered to him.

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V

THE FIRST FOLLOWERS

When Jesus left the wilderness, he passed by the place where John was still baptizing. Crowds were listening to the words of the preacher, but he stopped and looked after Jesus. He remembered that although Jesus had come to be baptized, he had had no sins to confess. Then the glory and the wonder of it burst upon John. He pointed to Jesus and cried, "Look, look! There is the Lamb of God! He came to me to be baptized, and I did not know him. He is the Lamb that will take away the sins of the whole world. I knew that the Christ would come; and when God told me to baptize with water, he said, 'Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending and abiding upon him, the same is he that baptizeth with the Holy Spirit.' I did see the Spirit descending as a dove out of heaven, and it rested upon him. He is the Son of God."

Of all those who heard the words of John, not one seems to have paid much attention to their meaning. His hearers expected Christ to be a great commander who would raise an army and free them from the Romans, and it did not seem possible that this man was he. It was not John's way to explain and persuade, but he would say what was true over and over, until, as it seemed to him, people must believe it. Later on the same day, he saw Jesus once more, and he cried again, "See, he is the Lamb of God!" Only two of John's disciples were with him, but they were thoughtful men, and they followed after Jesus to hear what he would say to them. They did not venture to speak to him, but soon he turned and asked, "What do you wish?" They did not know exactly what to answer, and so they said, "Rabbi, where do you live?" "Come and see," said Jesus, and he looked at them so kindly that they were glad to go with him.

They had called him "Rabbi," which was a title of honor, for the rabbis were the religious teachers, and were often treated with far more respect than the priests. The best places at feasts were given to them, and they sat in the front seats in the synagogues. Many

men rose and stood before them as they passed by. A Jewish boy was taught that if his father and a rabbi were both in danger he must first save the rabbi, because the rabbi was the teacher of the religion of God.

These rabbis had been shown so much honor that many of them had begun to think themselves far better than those around them, and they were eager to have every one understand that they were rabbis and very holy men. They arranged their dress so that one could tell them a long way off. Their robes were long and flowing, and they wore on their foreheads phylacteries, or little rolls of parchment on which sentences from the Scriptures had been written. It was the law to wear these rolls during prayer, but the rabbis wore them all the time, and made the case in which they were kept much larger than was the custom. Jesus wore no phylactery, and his dress was like that of the people around him, and yet there was something in his manner that made these two men, Andrew and John, feel sure that they ought to call him Rabbi.

A rabbi usually went about the land teaching the people, first in one place and then in another. Often his most devoted disciples,

or learners, went with him, and whenever he seated himself to speak, they sat down in a half circle around him to listen as closely as possible, for it was a sin to forget one word that a rabbi had spoken.

Andrew and John went home with Jesus, and he talked with them all the rest of the afternoon. No one knows what he said, but they felt sure that he was really Christ, and Andrew hurried away to his brother Simon and said, "Come quickly, for we have found the Christ." When the two men stood before him, Jesus looked upon Simon and said, "You are Simon, but you shall be called Peter." The word "Peter" means "a rock," and Jesus knew well that in the years to come Peter would stand for him as firmly as a rock. These three were the first disciples of Jesus, and they were very dear to him. They were ready to go with him wherever he went.

Jesus was thinking earnestly of Galilee, beautiful Galilee, his own land, and with his little group of followers he set out to go among his old friends. On the way he found Philip, who was of the same city as Andrew and Peter and John; and as soon as Philip saw him he was so sure that he was the Christ that Jesus

CHRIST BY THE SEA

needed only to say, "Follow me." Philip could not wait to hear more before telling some one else the good news, so he went in search of his friend Nathanael. He found him half hidden under a fig tree, and he called aloud joyfully, "We have found him, we have found him, the Christ that the prophets said would come! He is Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph the carpenter." Now Galilee was somewhat scorned by the people who lived in the other parts of Palestine, and Nazareth was looked down upon even by those who lived in the other parts of Galilee, though no one knows just why, so Nathanael asked with a little smile, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip was so eager to get back to Jesus that he could not stop to argue or explain. He cried, "Come and see," and Nathanael went with him. When Jesus saw them coming, he said, "Here is an Israelite who is sincere and true." Nathanael said, "How do you know me?" Jesus answered, "I saw you when you were under the fig tree, before Philip called you." Then Nathanael cried out joyfully, "Rabbi, you are the Son of God, you are the King of Israel." Jesus was pleased that Nathanael was so ready to believe in him,

and he said, "Do you believe because I said I saw you under the fig tree? You shall see far greater things than that."

Jesus had now a band of five disciples, and the first place to which he led them was a wedding feast. He and his followers were invited, for the presence of a rabbi was looked upon as an honor. A wedding was a most joyful occasion. It was celebrated at the house of the father of the bridegroom, and when the bride left her home, the bridegroom went out to meet her on the way. He did not go alone, for a great company of his friends went with him. There were also musicians, who beat drums and played on flutes and sang songs about how beautiful and good the bride was. No one could see her face, for it was hidden by a long veil, but she wore a wreath of myrtle leaves and all the ornaments that her family owned. If these were not enough, she borrowed from friends. A feast was provided by the bridegroom, and the rejoicings often went on for a week. Everything was managed with the utmost generosity. A man might be even miserly at other times and be pardoned, but he who tried to be sparing at a wedding

feast was scorned, and if he did not provide wine enough, he was pointed out for years after that day as the man who had no wine for his wedding. Now the giver of this feast may have been poor, or perhaps more guests had come than were expected; for after Jesus had been in the house a little while, his mother called him aside and whispered in dismay, "They have no wine." The bridegroom was probably a relative of hers, and she felt that the whole family would be disgraced if the wine failed. She thought that Jesus would help her, though she did not know how; but he said to her, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." What he meant is not clear, but "woman" seems to have been a title of loving respect. The words were spoken so gently and tenderly that Mary was troubled no longer. "Do whatever he tells you," she bade the servants, and then she waited to hear what he would say to them.

Among the Jews it was thought very improper for a guest to enter a house without taking off his sandals, and as his feet would be dusty, water must always be at hand for washing. Moreover, dishes and other things

must be "purified" constantly. Therefore every house had beside its door great stone jars, each holding several gallons of water. At the house of the wedding six of these jars stood just outside. "Fill them up with water," commanded Jesus, and the servants obeyed, though they must have thought it a strange order. It would have seemed to them much more reasonable if he had sent them out to borrow wine of the neighbors, instead of wasting time in filling up the jars. They filled them up to the brim, however, perhaps grumbling a little to one another as they did it. "Draw out now," said Jesus, "and carry it to the ruler of the feast." The ruler was the friend of the bridegroom who had charge of the festivities, and they were half afraid to obey, for they feared that they might be punished for doing so impertinent a thing as to give him water when he had called for wine, but they went to the jars and drew. They could hardly trust their own eyes when, instead of water, clear wine came out. They almost feared to touch it; but when the ruler of the feast tasted it, he called the bridegroom and said jestingly, "Most men set on their good wine first and the poorer afterwards, but

TURNING WATER INTO WINE

The Young Rabbi

VI

THE YOUNG RABBI

Not many days after Jesus went to Capernaum, the time of the Passover arrived, and he went up to Jerusalem to keep the feast. He had made this journey many times, perhaps every year after he was twelve years old, but the way was always new and always beautiful. The feast came in the spring, in what was called the month of flowers, for then the whole land looked like a great flower garden. There were crocuses and tulips and geraniums growing wild everywhere and free to any one who wished to pick them. Every morning the pilgrims were awakened by the cooing of turtle doves and the song of larks.

Where so many people were journeying together, there was noise and confusion, of course, but it was the noise of happy people going up to the house of the Lord. When they came into the city, there was a different

kind of noise, for there were shops, or booths, on every street that led to the Temple, and the owners called, "Earthen dishes for sale! Buy one of our ovens to roast the Passover lamb! Here you get wine and oil!" In the Temple courts there was even more confusion. It was not like the entrance to a place of worship, but more like a great bazaar. Every one wished to make a sacrifice, and many were bargaining and beating down the dealers' prices, so that they might buy a lamb or some doves for the altar, and not pay much for the offering. The money-changers sat a little apart from the thickest of the crowd. Before them were tables, on which were piles of coins from the various parts of the land. Every Jew had to pay a yearly tax to the Temple, and it must be paid in a certain kind of coin. The money-changers gave this coin to the pilgrims in exchange for the money used at their homes. They received a fee for making the exchange, but few of them were satisfied with this, and they cheated whenever it was possible.

Jesus had come to the Temple to worship, and when he saw the very courts of his Father's house turned into places for barter and cheat-

ing, he was indignant. "Take them away!" he cried to the men that sold doves. "Do not make my Father's house a house for buying and selling." He caught up some small cords that lay on the ground, and knotting them into a whip, he drove out the sheep and the oxen. The piles of coin rolled over the floor, for he poured out the changers' money and overthrew their tables.

The men fled before him as if they were fleeing from a stormwind. Not one of them dared to oppose him, and the priests were more frightened than those who bought and sold, for they were really the guilty ones. They had allowed this disorder because the merchants gave them a share of the profits. Raising doves and selling them was in the hands of Annas, the high priest, and he had a large income from the business. No one knew what this young rabbi would say next, and both priests and merchants were afraid that he knew their secret and would tell it.

Jesus dropped the whip of cords and stood in the court, watching the priests as they gathered in little groups and whispered together. They did not dare to question him, but some of the pilgrims and the people of the city who

stood near were thinking, "Only a prophet, or perhaps even the Christ, would dare to do such a thing;" and they asked him most respectfully, "Can you show us a miracle so that we may know who you are and that you have a right to do this?" They whispered to one another, "Perhaps he will call down fire from heaven, as Elijah did, or perhaps he will make the earth open and swallow up his enemies." Jesus answered, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." It was not until three years later that even his disciples understood that by "temple" he meant his body, which should be raised after it had lain in the grave for three days; and when the questioners heard the words, they said, "It took forty-six years to build this temple, and you think you can raise it in three days!" They went away laughing and saying, "How foolish we were to think for a moment that he might be the Christ!"

Not all the Jews of Jerusalem were like these men, for many believed in him while he was in the Holy City; but there were none among them whom he trusted sufficiently to ask them to join his little band of special disciples, like Andrew and John and Peter. One

of these men who listened to him was named Nicodemus. He was a Pharisee, and believed that it was exceedingly important to obey all the ceremonial laws. He could not help feeling that the words of Jesus were true, but he knew that many people would laugh at him if he, a rich Pharisee, a ruler of the Jews, should become the follower of a rabbi from Galilee. Still he felt so interested and so troubled that he concluded to go to Jesus and learn more of his teachings. For fear that his visit would be found out, he went in the night.

He spoke to Jesus most courteously and said, "Rabbi, we know you are a teacher come from God, for no one could do the miracles that you do unless God was with him." Jesus did not say a word about himself or his right to teach, but replied, "A man must be born again, or he cannot see the kingdom of God." Nicodemus was puzzled, and Jesus explained that the way to please God was not to observe ceremonies, but to be pure and obey his will. Nicodemus had believed that obeying the laws of the rabbis was what would best please God, and so he asked in surprise, "How can that be?" "Are you a teacher of religion and do not understand this?" asked Jesus gently.

"God loves people themselves, not ceremonies." This was a new idea to the Pharisee, and Jesus told him more of the love of God. He said, "God loved the world so much that he gave his only Son, so that those who believe on him might have everlasting life." Then he added kindly, but looking keenly at Nicodemus, "He that obeys the truth comes to the light." Nicodemus knew Jesus meant that he must not be afraid to own himself a disciple if he really was one. He did not like to give up his high position or to have people laugh at him, and he went home to think over the matter.

So it was that Jesus tried by night and by day to teach men how to be pleasing to God. At the same time John the baptizer was striving to make his hearers understand that they must repent, that the Christ had come. John's followers loved him, and some of them were not at all pleased that men were leaving him to follow Jesus. A little group went to John and said, "Rabbi, the man who was with you on the other side of the river, the one that you called the Lamb of God, is also baptizing, and crowds are going to him instead of coming to you." They hoped that John would

contrive some plan to keep people from going to Jesus, but they had little idea what a noble man their leader was. He said gently and without a shade of jealousy, "His power will become greater, and mine will become less. I told you long ago that I was not the Christ, but was sent before him to say that he was coming. The Father loves him and has given him all power."

Jesus loved this unselfish man, and was deeply grieved when the news came that John had been cast into prison. This was done partly because his teaching was so unlike that of the priests that they were indignant with him, and partly because he had told King Antipas bluntly that he was a wicked man. John was snatched from the freedom of the fields, the roses and lilies, the blue stream of Jordan, the clouds, the sunshine, and the songs of birds, and was shut up in the dark and gloomy dungeon of one of the castles of the king.

The preaching of Jesus had been even more bold than that of John, and his work was but begun; it was better to avoid persecution for the time, so he went away from Judea and returned to Galilee.

There was more than one road that led into Galilee, but the most direct went through Samaria. The people of this country were descendants of Assyrians who had come to it seven hundred years before. They had built a temple on Mount Gerizim, and declared that all men ought to worship there instead of going up to Jerusalem; moreover, they insisted that their copy of the first five books of the Scriptures was much older than that of the Jews, and ought to be obeyed rather than the Jewish copy. For these reasons the Jews and the Samaritans hated each other. Pilgrims going to Jerusalem were often attacked and robbed or beaten if they ventured to pass through Samaria; and the Jews were always ready to burn the Samaritan villages in revenge. Nevertheless Jesus, with his little band of disciples, went fearlessly into Samaria.

When they reached Sychar, the heat of the day had come, and he was exhausted. A well which, it was said, had been built by Jacob centuries before, was at hand. Beside it was a bench, and over the bench a little shed. Jesus sat down in the shade to rest while his disciples went into the city to buy food. Soon a Samaritan woman came to the well to draw

water. Her jar was on her head, and a rope was in her hand. "Will you give me a drink of water?" asked Jesus. She knew his country by either his dress or his speech, and she was so surprised at his speaking to her that she exclaimed, "But you are a Jew. How is it that you ask a Samaritan for a drink?" Jesus did not answer the question, but he said gently, "If you had known who was asking you for a drink, you would have asked me, and I should have given you living water," that is, running water fresh from the spring. The woman looked at him, and then she spoke respectfully. "Sir," said she, "the well is deep, and you have nothing to draw with. Where could you get that water? Are you greater than our father Jacob, who gave us this well?" Again Jesus did not answer her question. He said only, "Whoever drinks of this water will be thirsty again, but whoever drinks of the water that I give will find a well of water in his soul, springing up into everlasting life." The woman had not the least idea that he meant anything but literal water like that in the well, and she said, "Sir, give me that water, so that I shall not be thirsty and need not come here to draw." She

was puzzled, but Jesus did not explain. He began instead to talk of her past life. She had not been a good woman, and she felt ashamed and embarrassed. She thought that if she brought up the old quarrel between the Jews and the Samaritans he would talk about that and not about her, so she pointed to Mount Gerizim and said, "Our fathers worshiped on that mountain, and you Jews say Jerusalem is the place where men ought to go to worship." Then said Jesus, "The time is coming when true worshipers will not have to go to either Gerizim or Jerusalem to worship the Father." The woman was so interested that she forgot her embarrassment, and she said, "I know that when Christ comes he will explain all that to us." Then said Jesus, "I am he."

As she stood gazing at him, the disciples came back from the village with food, and the woman went away in such haste that she forgot her waterpot, and left it standing on the well-curb. It was looked upon as most improper for a rabbi to speak to a woman in the street, and the disciples were surprised, but not one ventured to ask why he had talked with her. He had forgotten the food and the drink,

JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA

he had forgotten his weariness, for the woman's words, "the Christ," had filled his mind with thoughts of the wonderful work that lay before him. "Rabbi, eat," they pleaded, but he answered, "I have food to eat that you do not know of." They loved him, but they did not understand him. They thought that "food" must mean bread and wine and fruit, and they whispered to one another, "Could any one have brought him food while we were away?" Then he said, "My food is to do what my Father wishes done."

While they were trying to think what he meant, the woman returned with many others, for she had told her friends and acquaintances of the wonderful man at the well. "He told me all the things that ever I did," she declared. "Can this be the Christ?" Crowds of the Samaritans came to hear him. "Come and live with us," they pleaded. This could not be, for Jesus must preach also to others, but he stayed with them two days. It was a happy time for him, for these Samaritans listened to every word that he spoke; and then they declared, "We have heard for ourselves, and this is surely the Christ who will save the world."

Signs and Wonders

VII

SIGNS AND WONDERS

After Jesus left the Samaritans, he journeyed on into Galilee, for he longed to be with his old friends. He had done many miracles in Jerusalem, and although we do not know what they were, we know they were so great that wherever he went in Galilee he was followed by crowds. Sometimes these people came to listen to him, but oftener to beg him to work some wonder for them. The men of Cana were especially eager to see him, for every one there had heard of his turning water into wine at the wedding feast.

When he reached Cana, it was the seventh hour, that is, an hour after noon. In Palestine no one goes out in the sun at noon if he can help it, but even in the heat many people stood waiting to hear Jesus. Suddenly one of King Antipas's officers galloped up on horseback and dashed into the crowd, scatter-

ing the people to right and to left. He would not be delayed for a moment. "Sir, sir," he cried, "come with me! My son is dying at Capernaum. Come with me and heal him!"

The crowd made a little circle around Jesus and the officer, and waited to see what the rabbi would do. Every one looked at Jesus. The father besought him, "Come with me, come with me!" but the rabbi took no step toward Capernaum. For a moment he seemed lost in thought; then he said a little sadly, "You will not believe me unless you see signs and wonders." "Sir, come with me!" pleaded the officer. "Come with me before my child is dead!" Then first Jesus turned toward him and said kindly, "Go your way, your son will live." The officer hesitated and looked at him. His face was calm; it did not show a shadow of doubt.

Then the man put spurs to his horse and galloped down the road toward Capernaum, twenty miles away. Before he had reached his house, he saw a group of his servants running to meet him, each one anxious to be the first to tell the good news. "Master, master," they all shouted together, "your son is living! The fever is gone! He is getting better!"

The father was almost afraid to believe their story. Could it be true? "When did he begin to gain?" he asked, and they cried, "At the seventh hour the fever left him." "It is the Christ," thought the father, and when he had told his family and his servants, they all said, "It is the Christ."

Jesus did not stay long in Cana, but went on to Nazareth. It was his old home, where he had worked and played and studied. Every narrow street, every little house, was familiar to him. The glow of the sunshine on the hills and the deep shadows of the valleys he had seen ever since his first remembrance. Around him were his old neighbors. His heart was full of love toward them. "I can tell them the good news that the Christ has come, and that they need no longer wait and hope for him in vain," he said to himself.

On the morning of the Sabbath he went into the familiar house of worship. A stranger rabbi visiting a synagogue was often allowed to read and explain the Scripture lesson, and this permission was given to Jesus. He repeated the usual prayers, and followed the customs of the synagogue just as any other rabbi would have done. Then the parch-

ment roll on which was the Scripture lesson for the day was passed to him. He read from it and returned it to the clerk. To show reverence for the Scriptures, it was the habit of all strict Jews to keep their eyes fixed on the roll till it had been laid back in the sacred ark, or chest, but the eyes of the people of Nazareth were fixed on Jesus, for they had heard of what he had done in Cana and in Jerusalem, and they did not wish to lose a motion or a word. This is what he read, a part of the book of Isaiah: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." Every one in the synagogue knew that these words referred to the coming of Christ, and perhaps some of them guessed what Jesus would say next.

He sat down, according to the custom when one was to preach, and his first sentence was, "To-day this Scripture is fulfilled;" and then he told them even more clearly that he was the Christ. His words were so simple, so

earnest, so gracious, and also so powerful, that at first his listeners were delighted. Then they began to say to themselves sneeringly, "Christ will raise an army. He will be a great man. This is only the carpenter's son. We have known him ever since he was a little child. If he wants us to believe in him, let him do some miracles; he could do miracles enough in other places. Do here in your own country what you did in Capernaum," they cried aloud, "and we will believe in you."

Then said Jesus, "No man is looked upon in his own country as a prophet. In the days of Elijah, when there was a great famine over all the land, there were many Jewish widows, but Elijah was not sent to them; he was sent to a widow in the land of Sidon. And so in the time of Elisha there were many Jewish lepers, but Naaman the Syrian was healed, not they."

Then the Nazarenes were angry. "The Jews are the chosen people," they cried, "and this carpenter's son compares even his own townsfolk to a widow of Sidon and a leper of Syria. This blasphemer has called himself the Christ." They forgot all their old love for the young man who had grown up among them. They pushed him before them, shriek-

ing words of rage and scorn and muttering curses. "To the rock, to the rock!" they cried hoarsely, thrusting him onward. He did not resist, he did not speak a word of anger or of defense; but when he stood on the verge of the precipice, he turned about and gazed upon them silently. His face showed such purity, such pity for their ignorance and obstinacy, such sternness of scorn, that they stood before him in silence, and passing through the midst of them, he went away.

He was very sad, for his own village, his own neighbors, had driven him out from among them. He longed to see Andrew and John and Peter, the men who trusted him and believed in him, and he went to Capernaum, which was now the home of Peter. Early in the morning he went to walk beside the Sea of Galilee, to meet these loving friends as soon as they should come in from the night's fishing. There they were, Andrew and Peter, and a little farther on, John and his brother James with their father, mending their nets and washing them. They were very glad to see him, but they had only a little while to talk together, for the people of Capernaum

had found out where Jesus had gone and had followed him. "Teach us," they begged, and Jesus could not refuse. He got into Peter's boat and said, "Put out a little from the land." Then he sat down and talked to the people on the shore, telling them of the kingdom of God.

He had noticed that there were no fish in the boats, and when he had finished speaking to the multitude, he turned to Peter and Andrew and said, "Put out into the deep and let down your nets." Peter answered, "Rabbi, we have had our nets out all night and have taken nothing." He must have said to himself, "The rabbi can tell us about the kingdom of God, but I know more about fishing." Nevertheless he added, "If you say so, I will let down the nets." Then he let down the nets, and in a little while they were so full of fish that they began to break. "Come and help us," the men cried to John and James, who were their partners, and the others rowed up as fast as they could. One boat was filled with fish, then the other, and very soon they were so heavily loaded that they began to sink. When Peter saw that Jesus had power over even the fish of the sea, he was ashamed that he had doubted him.

He fell down at Jesus' feet and cried, "I am not worthy to be near you, Lord, for I am a sinful man." Jesus looked at him and said, "Do not be afraid, Peter. You have caught fish, and they have died; from now you shall catch men, and they shall live." Jesus had sent these fishermen back to their work for a while, but now the time had come when he wished to have them with him, that he might teach them how to teach others. They had been very sorry to be sent away from him even for a little time, and when he said, "Follow me," they left boats and nets and followed him gladly.

He led them away from the shore of the lake back into the city, and there he lived with them. When the Sabbath came, they went to the synagogue, and Jesus preached to the people. They were all listening when suddenly a loud cry was heard, "Are you come to torment us? I know you; you are the Holy One of God," and a man fell upon the floor, writhing in convulsions. "He is possessed by an unclean spirit," cried the people, and they would have carried him out, but Jesus turned to the man and said, "Be quiet, and come out of him." The man gave

a piercing shriek and then was quiet. The people looked on in amazement. When a man behaved as if he were insane, the men of that time always said that an unclean spirit had taken possession of him. Jesus did not stop to question whether this was the way to explain the trouble or not; he simply cured the man.

When the service in the synagogue was over, Jesus and James and John went to the home of Peter and Andrew, for Peter's wife's mother was sick of a fever, and they had told him how she was suffering. Jesus stood looking at her in pity for a moment. Then he took her by the hand and bade the fever leave her. In an instant she was well, and went about the house doing everything that she could to make them comfortable.

That afternoon, while Jesus was resting at the house of Peter, Capernaum and the region roundabout were talking of the cure of the man in the synagogue. All the sick people who heard of it began to hope that this wonderful new healer would also cure them. The Jews were forbidden to carry burdens on the Sabbath day or to walk farther than a certain distance, but as soon as the sun had set, the

trumpet blew to announce that the Sabbath was over, and then the whole town swarmed with sick folk. Those who could walk came on foot, and those who could not were carried by their friends. From far out in the country around Capernaum suffering people, who had long ago given up all hope of ever being well again, were brought in wagons, on litters, carried on the backs of asses, or borne in the arms of relatives, to the door of Peter's house. "Come and heal us," they begged, and Jesus healed every one. He went about among them making the blind see, the lame walk and leap for joy, stopping pain, restoring the insane to their right mind, and giving strength and health to those who had suffered for many years.

The prophet Isaiah, who foretold so much about the coming of Christ, said that he would "bear all our sicknesses." Perhaps this means that whenever he cured any one, he himself suffered, but to those who looked on he seemed to speak a word only and the sufferer was healed. It is no wonder that sick people came to him that evening by hundreds. Late into the night he healed one after another. When the time came that he might have slept, he

rose, and in the gray of the early morning he went out into the desert to pray.

As soon as the light had come, other crowds of sick people surrounded the house of Peter. "Where is he?" they cried piteously. "Rabbi, rabbi, come and heal us. Where is he gone?" Peter and the other three went out into the desert to find Jesus. "Master," they said, "the whole city is looking for you," and indeed a great multitude were close behind them. "Do not leave us," the sufferers pleaded, for he turned to go away from Capernaum. "Stay with us and heal us. Are there not sick enough here?" It was very hard for Jesus to refuse them, but he could not stay. "I must preach the good news of the kingdom of God to other cities also," he said. Still they pleaded, but Jesus said, "That is why I was sent," and they were hushed.

Now among all the sick that he had healed, no leper had ventured to come to him. Leprosy was so horrible a disease that the law forbade one suffering from it to live near other people. He was even forbidden to speak to any one, lest the person addressed should become "unclean," even if he did not catch the disease. The leper must live alone, far

from other men, and if any one came near, he must cry, "Unclean, unclean!" He grew every day to look more and more loathsome. When a man was "full of leprosy," there was no cure, and he was thought of, even by his friends, as if he were already dead.

In some way one of these sufferers heard of the wonderful cures of this new rabbi, and in spite of laws and penalties he made his way to Jesus, and fell down upon the ground before him. "Lord, Lord," he pleaded, "you can cure me if you only will." Now whoever touched a leper became "unclean," according to the teachings of the rabbis, but Jesus paid no heed to that. He put out his hand and touched him. "I will," he said, without a moment's delay; "be clean," — and in an instant the leprosy was gone. If Jesus spent all his time healing the sick, he could not teach, so he told the man who had been a leper to show himself to the priests, that he might be admitted to the synagogue and live with his friends again, but not to tell others of his cure. The grateful man meant to obey, but he was so overjoyed that he could not keep still. "The new rabbi has cured a leper," said one to another. The whole city

rang with the story, and great crowds thronged about Jesus wherever he appeared.

One day when he had returned to Capernaum, people found that he was staying in the house of Peter, and so many came to hear him that the room was full, the doorway was full, and the crowd filled the street. They pressed forward so eagerly to hear that four men who came late could not possibly make their way through the throng. These men were carrying in a litter, or hammock, a man sick of the palsy. They looked at Jesus, at the crowd, and then they spoke together in low tones. "We can do it," they said, and they went around to the back of the house and up the stairs that led from the yard to the flat roof. In Palestine, however strong the walls of a house might be, the roof was often very lightly built. Sometimes it was made by merely laying short sticks across the rafters, and covering them with earth mixed with chopped straw, and beaten hard and smooth. It was not a difficult matter for four strong men to tear a hole through a roof of this sort and let the sick man, still swung in his hammock, down into the presence of the speaker. Jesus was glad of such an interruption as this, because he

knew that they believed in him, or else they would not have tried so hard to reach him. There was something else that made him happy, and that was the way the sick man behaved. He could not speak, but he did not beg, even with his eyes, to be cured of his disease; he seemed to think of nothing but hearing what Jesus said. Jesus knew what he wanted, and he would not make him wait another moment. He stopped preaching and turned toward the man. "Son," he said, "be of good cheer; your sins are forgiven."

This was what the paralyzed man had hoped, and his eyes shone with happiness. But among the hearers were some Pharisees and scribes sitting in a little group by themselves. They frowned and muttered, "The man is a blasphemer. No one but God can forgive sins." Jesus knew what they were saying, and he asked them quietly, "Which is easier, to say to a paralyzed man, Your sins are forgiven, or to say, Arise and walk? Now see that I have power to forgive sins." Then he said to the sick man, "Arise, take up your bed and go to your house." The sick man arose, took his hammock, and walked away joyfully, for Jesus had done for him

LETTING DOWN THE SICK MAN

much more than he had asked or expected. The people were amazed. Some said, "I never saw anything like it!" and some cried, "Praise the Lord because he has given such power to men!" The Pharisees and scribes had not a word to say, for they themselves had taught that if a man was sick, it was because he had sinned, and that he could not be cured unless his sins were forgiven; so according to their own teaching, the man's sins had really been forgiven or else he would not have been healed.

So many heard of this and the other wonders wrought by Jesus that more people than ever came to him. He could not teach them all, and he needed more disciples to learn of him and then to help him preach. The next one that he chose was named Matthew. There was much talking about this choice, and many of the most sincere friends of Jesus thought he had made a mistake, for Matthew was a publican, or collector of duties on goods entering the country. Many publicans cheated those who wished to buy or sell, and therefore the Jews despised them all. Moreover, these taxes went to the Roman emperor, and the Jews scorned a man who would help to tax

his race to enrich one who was not of the people whom God had chosen for his own. Neither a publican nor any member of his family could be a witness in a Jewish court, and no Jew who was at all strict would sit at the table with them. Jesus paid no heed to such prejudice; he would not blame a whole class because some members of it were unjust, and he asked Matthew to become one of his followers. Matthew obeyed gladly. He wanted to do something for Jesus to show his joy, and all that he could think of was to give a great feast in his honor. No strict Jew would come, of course, but many publicans and others were present, — men whom the Pharisees called "sinners," because they did not obey the ceremonial law. The disciples went because Jesus did; but even they hardly knew what to answer when the Pharisees and scribes said to them, "So this rabbi of yours eats and drinks with publicans and sinners. How is that?" When Jesus heard the question, he said, "They that are well do not need a physician, but they that are sick. I am not come to call the righteous to repentance, but the sinners."

That question was easily answered, but

others were constantly arising. Both the Pharisees and many of the followers of John the baptizer were watching everything that Jesus did, for they all thought it was very strange that he did not tell his disciples to obey the ceremonial law. Some of the followers of John came to Jesus one day and asked, "Why is it that we and the Pharisees keep the fasts of the rabbis, and your disciples do not?" Jesus answered, "I am with my disciples now, and they are happy, but when I have left them, then they will fast and mourn." The men did not seem to understand, and he said, "If a patch of new cloth is sewed upon an old, thin garment, it will tear away the old cloth and be of no use. If new wine is put into old bottles, it will ferment and break the bottles."

Bottles for wine were made by skinning an animal and tying up the holes where the head and legs had been. The skin was tanned, and when it was new, it would bear the fermentation of new wine; but when the skin was old, it would crack and burst if new wine was poured into it. Then John's followers understood that Jesus meant that the hearts of his disciples were full of the new teaching, and

they could not be bound down by the old forms that the rabbis had taught them.

These disciples of John had been honestly puzzled about the difference between their master's teachings and those of the new rabbi, but the next miracle that Jesus wrought did not puzzle those who saw it so much as it made them angry. He went to make a short stay in Jerusalem, and as he stood near the Temple, his eyes fell upon a pitiful company. Some were lame, some blind, and the limbs of some were withered. They were all gathered close beside a pool called "Bethesda," meaning "house of mercy." It had been made by hewing out an immense tank in the rock, and was fed by a spring that flowed only part of the time. People believed that the flowing, or "troubling," of the water was caused by an angel's visiting the pool, and that whoever first stepped into the water after the coming of the angel would receive mercy, and would be cured of whatever disease he had.

Among the sufferers was one who had been almost helpless for a long time. He could move a little, but very slowly; still he had lingered by the pool year after year, hoping that he might some day be the first to enter

the water after the visit of the angel. Jesus pitied his long waiting, and pitied still more his folly in thinking that the water would cure him. Then he asked, "Do you wish to be cured?" The sick man answered, "Sir I have no one to put me into the pool when the water is troubled, and while I am trying to get there, some one else steps down before me." Then Jesus said, "Arise, take up your bed, and walk." The man was amazed. He looked at the stranger to see if he was in earnest; then he tried, very slowly and carefully, to see whether he could really move. He felt a new strength in his limbs; he arose, took up the mat on which he had been lying, and walked away, too much surprised to give his healer a word of thanks or even to ask who he was.

Now this was done on the Sabbath, and the laws of the rabbis for keeping the Sabbath were very strict. One kind of knot might be tied on that day, and another was forbidden; to write two letters of the alphabet on parchment was forbidden, but they might be traced on the sand or in the dust. To carry a bundle was looked upon as a specially grave offense against the law; even food could not

be carried if it was as great in bulk as a dried fig. It was no wonder, then, that when the rabbis saw this man carrying his sleeping mat through the city, they stopped him and said, "It is against the law for you to carry your bed." The man did not lay down his burden, but replied, "The man who cured me told me to carry it." "Who was he?" they asked. "I don't know," he answered. Later Jesus saw him in the Temple and said to him, "Now you are well, but if you sin again, something worse than this sickness may happen to you." Then the man told the rabbis that it was Jesus who had cured him. They were angry and indignant and accused Jesus of working on the Sabbath. He made no excuse, but said, "My Father is always working for the good of men, and I work also." Then priests and rabbis, Pharisees and Sadducees, raged. "He has broken the holy Sabbath," they cried. "He has called himself equal with God." Jesus said to them even more clearly, "Whatever my Father does I do also, because my Father loves me and shows me what he does. I shall do even greater things than you have yet seen, for I shall raise the dead; and if you do not honor me, you do not honor my

Father." Jesus pitied them because they were so ignorant and so obstinate, and after a moment's pause, he said to them gently, "He who listens to my words will have eternal life; even those that are dead will hear my voice and they shall live. I do not try to have my own will, but to obey the will of my Father, who sent me to the earth. You say that I am talking about myself, and that therefore my words are of no value; but John the baptizer told you of me, and my Father himself tells you to believe me because he has given me power to do such wonders."

Then the priests and rabbis were even more angry, but so many of the people believed John was a prophet that they hardly dared to say anything against what he had taught; they could only mutter sullenly among themselves. Jesus went on, "You say that you search the Scriptures, but the Scriptures tell of me, and you will not come to me. You care nothing for the love of God; you seek only for the honors that men can give."

The priests and rabbis were so indignant that they could hardly keep still; but there was nothing for them to say, and Jesus went on, "I am not accusing you. You say that

you believe Moses, your own lawgiver, and he is the one that accuses you, for he told of me; but if you do not believe him, how can you believe my words?"

Jesus and his disciples left Jerusalem, but wherever he went, the scribes and Pharisees watched him closely, especially on the Sabbath. They even blamed him because when he and his disciples were going through a grainfield on the Sabbath, he allowed them to pick the ears of barley. The law permitted any one who was hungry to pick all the grain that he wanted to eat from any field that he passed through, but the Pharisees said that the disciples had no right to pick grain on that day. The law was that grain must not be reaped or threshed on the Sabbath, and they declared that picking barley was reaping, and rubbing off the grain between the hands was threshing. Jesus turned upon them and demanded, "Have you not read in the Scriptures that when King David was fleeing from Saul, he and his followers went into the house of God and ate the shewbread, which, according to the law, could be eaten by no one but the priests? Do not even the priests in the Temple break the law by working on the Sabbath

to carry on the services of the Temple? God wishes for mercy and goodness, not ceremonies and sacrifices. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Moreover, I am lord even of the Sabbath." There was no answer that the Pharisees could make. They could not blame the great King David, and they could not find fault with their own priests, so they went back to the town.

That time they had been foiled, but they still hoped to discover Jesus breaking some one of the Sabbath laws and unable to defend himself, for then they could make an accusation against him. One Sabbath morning when he went into the synagogue to teach, the Pharisees saw him looking at a man whose right hand was withered, and they were glad. The law forbade even the setting of a broken bone on the Sabbath, and they were so certain that Jesus would cure this man that they thought, "Now we shall be able to accuse him."

Jesus saw them glance at the man, then at him. He saw how pleased and triumphant they looked, and he knew what they were thinking. He said to the man, "Stand up in the midst of the synagogue." The man

obeyed, and when they were all looking at him, Jesus turned to the Pharisees and scribes and asked, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day or to do evil, to save life or to destroy it?" They could not say it was wrong to do a good deed, and he went on, "If a sheep falls into a pit on the Sabbath, it is allowable to take it out, is it not? Which one of you would not do so?" The rabbis scowled and were silent. "A man is worth more than a sheep," said Jesus, "and therefore it is lawful to do good to a man on the Sabbath." The man with the withered arm was still standing, fearing that the rabbis would blame him and hoping that Jesus would cure him. "Stretch out your arm," bade Jesus, and the man obeyed him gladly. In a moment the arm was as well and sound as the other. The scribes were foiled again. They went out sullenly, and talked together about Jesus trying to plan some way to destroy him.

Jesus and the Pharisees

VIII

JESUS AND THE PHARISEES

JESUS paid no attention to those who were plotting against him, but went about in Galilee curing and preaching. Wherever he went, throngs of the sick surrounded him. They did not wait for him to heal them, but tried to press near enough to touch him, believing that even a touch would make them well. Sometimes they crowded about him so that he had to get into a boat and row out a little way from the land before he could speak to them.

His best loved disciples were always with him. Often they did not understand what he said, but they loved him, and every day he was teaching them to understand him better. There were seven now; they were Andrew, John, James, Peter, Philip, Nathanael or Bartholomew, and Matthew. He meant to choose five more, but before he made his choice, he went up on a mountain and spent the whole

night in prayer. Many of his followers waited at the foot of the mountain, and when it was day, he called them and told them that he had chosen Thomas, James the son of Alpheus, Thaddeus, Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot. He told these twelve that they were to be his apostles, that is, men who were "sent forth" to teach others. They must have been very happy to know that out of all the multitudes that had listened to Jesus, they were the ones chosen to tell others about his teaching; but they could hardly help fearing that they might make some mistakes in their work.

Jesus knew this, and although crowds were waiting at the foot of the mountain to hear him speak, the first words of his teaching seem to have been spoken especially to encourage the twelve disciples. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," that is, the humble, he said; and then he told them why, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Many of the Jews had thought that a man would be blessed, or have the favor of God, if he was careful to offer up sacrifices at the Temple and keep the laws of the rabbis, but Jesus said that the really blessed men were those who were meek and merciful and pure in heart, and who longed to be good,

as people long for food when they are hungry or for water when they are thirsty. He knew that his disciples would have to meet much trouble because they believed in him, so he said, "Blessed are you when men persecute you and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

He told them how great a work they were to do for the whole world. "You are the light of the world," he said, "and you must let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. If you obey God's commandments and teach men to obey them, you will be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

The rest of the sermon was meant not only for the apostles, but for the whole multitude. Jesus told them that they must not get angry, but must be kind to people, even to those who had wronged them; that they must not try to "show off" their own goodness, for while people who did that were often praised by men, they did not win the praise of God, and no man could please two masters at the same time.

Then came a beautiful part of the sermon. As Jesus looked at one face and then at an-

other, he saw that many were troubled. He knew that some among his hearers were poor and were anxious about food, and he was so sorry for them that he spoke the next words expressly for them. The birds were flying around overhead, and Jesus said, "See the birds of the air. They do not sow seed or gather a harvest into barns, but your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much better than they?" And to those who were troubled about getting clothes he said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Then he added tenderly, "Your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things, and if you seek first the kingdom of God, he will give them to you." The brilliant scarlet lilies were growing around him as he spoke, and all through their lives the people who heard him say these words must have thought of them whenever they saw a lily.

There was much more in this sermon. One thing for which it is always remembered is that in it was given the prayer beginning, "Our Father who art in heaven."

As the sermon drew near to its end, Jesus looked over the great number of people who had been listening to him. He knew that some of these people would follow his teachings, while others would go home and forget them, and he said a little sadly, "Not every one that calls me 'Lord' shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that obeys my Father." To be sure that they understood, he told them a story about two men, each of whom built himself a house. One founded his upon a rock, and although the rain fell and the flood came and the wind blew and beat upon that house, it stood firm, for it was founded upon a rock. The other man built his house upon the sand, and when the storm came, it was washed away. "Every one," said Jesus, "who hears my words and obeys them is like the man who built his house upon a rock; but whoever hears my words and does not obey them is like the man who built his house upon the sand." Then he sent the people away, and they went home, saying to one another, "He does not teach like the scribes, as if he was only telling what he had been taught, but rather as if he had a right to say what we ought to do."

Jesus went back to Capernaum, but he had

little opportunity to rest, for it was not long before some of the leading men of the town came to him to beg him to heal a man who was sick of the palsy. This man was the slave of a centurion, or officer of King Antipas, who commanded one hundred soldiers. "The centurion deserves to be helped," said the men, "for he is a friend to our nation. He is the one that built us the synagogue." Jesus went with them toward the home of the centurion. Now the servants of the house had been watching, and when they saw Jesus on the way, they cried, "Master, the rabbi is coming. Now the man will get well." Then the centurion sent some of his friends to say, "I am not worthy to be honored by your coming under my roof. Only say the word and my servant will be cured; for I, too, am a man to whom authority has been given, and just as I give orders to my servants and they obey me, so if you speak the word, sickness will obey you." The face of Jesus glowed with joy to see such faith in his power; and then, as he thought of his own people, to whom especially he had been sent, he was sad, and he said, "I have not found such faith in Israel."

The next morning, while the centurion was rejoicing, Jesus and his disciples set out for the village of Nain. The name means "the beautiful," but no one was thinking of its beauty that morning, for the whole village was sorrowful. As Jesus drew near, the sounds of wailing were heard, and when he came to the gate, he met a funeral procession so long that it seemed to be made up of all the people in the village. Nearest the bier an elderly woman tottered, broken down with her grief, for he who had died was her only son, and she was a widow. It was the custom for every one who met a funeral procession to join it and walk along with the mourners, as a mark of sympathy; but instead of doing this, Jesus went to the sorrowing mother and said, "Do not weep." She looked at him with surprise. Could she help weeping? she thought. Jesus laid his hand upon the bier, and the bearers stood still, out of sheer surprise that a rabbi should make himself "unclean" by touching the dead. They did not guess that a greater deed than they had ever seen was to be performed before their eyes. Jesus said, "Young man, arise." The young man arose and spoke and went to his mother. She threw her arms

about his neck, and now she wept because she was so happy. The people of the village rejoiced with her and shouted for joy. "God has visited his people!" they cried. "A great prophet has come among us!"

While the villagers and thousands of others were happy in seeing the deeds and hearing the words of Jesus, the man who had prepared the way for him was shut up in a dungeon of the "black castle" of King Antipas. John the baptizer had been a prisoner for many months. The king's wife hated him, and therefore the king did not set him free, but he allowed his disciples to visit him. Even John believed that when Christ came he would free his people and conquer the world, but Jesus had taken no step to raise an army and put himself at the head of his nation. It is no wonder that after many months in the king's dungeon John should have begun to fear lest after all Jesus might be like some of the others who had come before him and claimed to be the Christ. Still John did not really give up his faith in Jesus, for he sent, not to those around the rabbi, but to Jesus himself, and asked, "Are you the Christ?" At first Jesus made no answer; he only went

JESUS RAISING THE WIDOW OF NAIN'S SON

on curing the sick and giving sight to the blind.

When the two disciples of John who had brought their master's message had seen what Jesus could do, he said to them, "Tell John what you have seen and heard. Tell him that the blind receive their sight and the lame walk. Tell him that the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good tidings are preached to the poor." Jesus knew that John would remember that these things were what the prophets had said long before should be the proof of the Messiah's coming. Then he sent him a comforting message, telling him not to doubt, for great happiness was waiting for him who held fast to his faith even in trouble.

Jesus was so sorry for John, and loved him so much, that he burst forth into eager praise, and cried to those around him, "You yourselves went out into the wilderness, and you found there no reed shaken by the wind, no courtier wearing soft raiment and partaking of dainty food. You went out expecting to see a prophet, but you found more than a prophet; you found him who was sent to prepare the way of the Christ. You found the greatest

man that was ever born on this earth, for he was the forerunner of the kingdom of God; and yet," he added, "it is even greater to believe in me and follow me than to have the honor of heralding my coming."

Many of those hearing him had been baptized by John, but Pharisees and scribes were present who had refused John's baptism, and yet would not accept Christ's teachings. As Jesus gazed upon them, he said sternly, "You are like children sitting off by themselves in the market place, though the other children say, 'We have played at marriages with the music of the flute, and you would not dance; we have played at funerals and wailed, and you would not lament.' John fasted and followed the customs of the rabbis, and you said he was a strange man, he must be possessed of a devil. I mingle with other men, I eat and drink with them, and you say I am a glutton and a friend of publicans and sinners. John's followers were wise, and my followers are wise, but you are foolish."

The Pharisees blamed Jesus for eating with publicans and sinners, but it was not long before he accepted an invitation to eat at the house of a Pharisee. This man's name was

Simon. He did not invite the teacher because he loved him, but either out of curiosity or else to please some of the followers of the new rabbi; and after Jesus had come, he took no pains to make him welcome. It was the custom for the host to greet his guests with a kiss, and to send a servant to them at once to wash the dust of the road from their feet and to pour sweet-smelling oil upon their hair and beard. Simon did none of these things. Jesus noticed the rudeness, but he said nothing, and took his place upon the cushioned bench on which it was the custom to recline at table.

In Palestine when there was a feast, men who had not been invited went in and out, looking on and joining in the conversation of the guests. Among those who came into Simon's house at the hour of the meal was a woman who had heard Jesus preach. She had not been a good woman, but his words had made her sorry for her sins and had encouraged her to begin again and try to do better. She longed to see him, to hear him speak, and when she heard that he was at Simon's house, she slipped in with the others, though it was not the custom for women to appear on such occasions. The most valuable thing that she

owned was a flask made of pure white alabaster and filled with a precious ointment. She brought this with her, perhaps hoping that she could give it to him. When she came near him reclining at the table, she saw that his host had given him no water for his feet. She was so indignant at the slight that had been shown him that she began to weep. Her tears fell upon his feet, and she wiped them with her long hair and kissed them, and broke the seal of the flask that she might pour the fragrant ointment over them. Simon saw this, and he said to himself, "If this rabbi had really come from God, he would know that she was a wicked woman and would not let her touch him."

Jesus saw by Simon's look what he thought, and he said, "Simon, I have a question for you. A certain man had two debtors. One owed him five hundred pence and the other fifty. Neither had any money, and he forgave them both their debt. Which of them, do you think, would care most for him?" Simon answered at once, "The one to whom he forgave most." "You have judged rightly," said Jesus; "but, Simon, look upon this woman. I came to your house as a guest, and you did not give me the

kiss of welcome. You gave me neither water for my feet nor oil for my head. She has washed my feet with her tears and anointed them with ointment. Her sins are indeed many, but they are forgiven, for she has loved much; but he to whom little is forgiven loves little." Then he said to the woman, "Your sins are forgiven. Go in peace. Your faith has saved you." She went away happy and grateful, but the Pharisees sitting at the table whispered among themselves, "Who is this that claims even to forgive sins?"

No matter how closely the Pharisees watched him, they could not prove that he was in the wrong, for he always had an answer to which they could make no reply. They could only go away sullenly and try to plan some other way to show that he was wicked. For instance, he cured a man who was blind and deaf, or as the people then said, he was possessed by a blind and dumb devil. The multitude that saw the cure were amazed, but the Pharisees went about among them saying, "Oh yes, he casts out devils, but it is because Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, helps him."

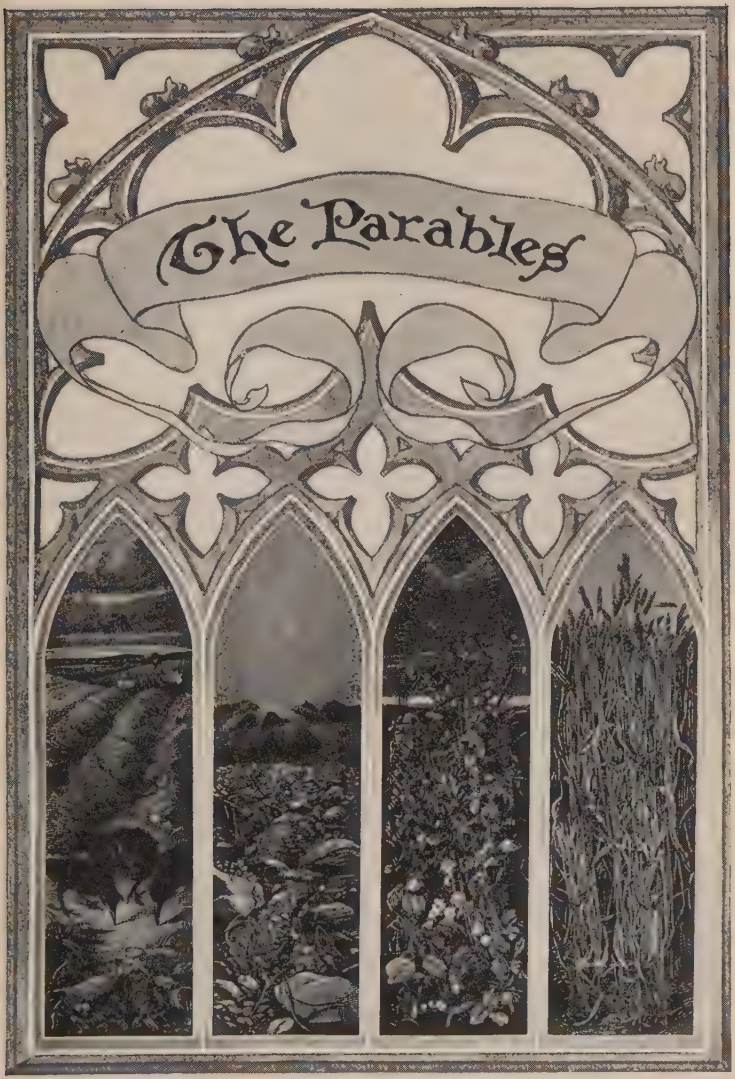
Jesus heard these malicious whispers and said, "If a kingdom is not united, it falls;

and if Beelzebub helps me to cast out the devils whom he has sent, how can his kingdom stand? I am working together with the Holy Spirit of God. What you say against me as a man may be forgiven, but you are speaking against the Spirit of God, and that will not be forgiven. You cannot speak the truth, for you yourselves are wicked, and a man is known by his words just as a tree is known by its fruit." Then Jesus thought of the whole world which was to be his kingdom, and he said, "He that is not with me is against me, and he that does not help me to gather in the harvest is scattering it."

At this some of the scribes and Pharisees interrupted him and said, "Show us a great miracle, and we will believe you." Jesus knew that they were determined not to believe in him, and that although a great miracle would interest them for the moment, they would only try all the harder to show that it was not from God, and so would become worse than they were before. Therefore he said, "If an evil spirit, driven out of a man, finds that no good spirit has taken his place, he goes back with seven others more evil than himself, and the man is worse off than he was at first.

You have seen miracles, and you have heard the truth preached. The Queen of Sheba came from the ends of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon, but a greater than Solomon is here. The men of Nineveh repented when they heard the preaching of Jonah, but a greater than Jonah is here. As Jonah spent three days in the body of the great fish, so shall the Son of Man spend three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. This is the only miracle that shall be given you."

The Pharisees heard these words with bitter anger. They might perhaps have tried to make some reply, but while he was speaking, one of his disciples said, "Rabbi, your mother and your brethren are waiting to see you." Deep love for his own people, his own family, filled his heart at the words. He paused a moment. The loving, trusting faces of his disciples were before him. "They, too, are my own people," he said, "these who hear the word of my Father and obey it. They are as dear to me as my mother and my brethren."


The Parables

IX

THE PARABLES

THE Pharisees and rabbis had tried in every way that they knew to prove that Jesus was a wicked man and not a teacher sent from God. When he forgave sin, they had said he blasphemed, for only God could forgive sin. That charge had fallen to the ground, for people believed that sickness was caused by wickedness, and could not be cured unless the wrongdoing was forgiven; and they could not deny that Jesus had healed the sick. They had declared that no true teacher would eat and drink with publicans and sinners, but Jesus had replied that if these people were so sinful, they were the very ones who most needed knowledge of him and his truth, that they might repent. They had accused him of breaking the Sabbath. "Were not the Jews chosen by God expressly to keep the Sabbath?" they had demanded. "The Sabbath was made for

man, and not man for the Sabbath," Jesus had answered, "and therefore it is right to do good on the Sabbath." All this teaching was contrary to the belief of the Pharisees; but what amazed and angered them most was that he told them with the greatest boldness that they were false and vain and hypocritical, that they cared nothing for being good and pure, but only for pretending to be good and so gaining the praise of men. These charges were all so true that the Pharisees were enraged, and from the time of the feast at Simon's house, they pursued Jesus more bitterly than ever.

He had now been before the people for more than a year. He had taught in many parts of Galilee, and he had cured thousands of sufferers. The scribes and Pharisees hated him, but multitudes had become convinced that he was a teacher sent from God, and they were eager to listen to his words.

Jesus put much of his teaching in the form of parables. These were short stories about things with which the listeners were familiar, but when the people who heard them came to think them over, they found that each story told them something about the kingdom of heaven and how to enter it.

It was by the Sea of Galilee that he told the first of these stories. He sat in a boat a little way from the land, and the people crowded to the very edge of the water to hear what he said. "There was once a man who went out to sow his seed," he began. "Some seeds fell by the wayside, and were eaten by the birds. Some fell where there was only a little soil, and although they sprang up quickly, they had no deep roots, and so the hot sun soon withered them. Some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them. But the other seeds fell upon good ground and yielded fruit. For one seed sometimes thirty were produced, sometimes sixty, and sometimes one hundred."

Every one liked to hear the parables, but many went away without caring to know what they meant. It was not so with the disciples. At the end of the parable of the sower, the apostles and the others who really wished to learn of Jesus gathered around him and asked the meaning. He said, "The seed is the word of God. Some seed fell by the wayside and was soon carried away; so some men hear the word and soon forget it. Some seed fell where there was but little soil, and although

it came up at once, it soon withered; so some men seem to believe the truth as soon as they hear it, but if they are persecuted for believing it, they give it up. Just as thorns sometimes choke good seed that is sown among them, so the interest that men have in the pleasures and cares of this world sometimes makes them forget the truth. But the seed sown on good ground is like the truth in the heart of a man who listens to it and acts according to it."

There were many other parables that Jesus spoke to the multitude, but only a few have been saved. One was about a man who went into his field and sowed wheat. That night, while he was sleeping, an enemy of his slipped out into the darkness and sowed the seeds of a troublesome weed, so that it and grain grew up together. The servants went to the owner and said, "Your field is full of weeds." "An enemy has done this," he replied. "Shall we pull up the weeds?" asked the servants. Now the roots of this weed and of the grain are often intertwined, so the master answered, "No, for you might root up the wheat with the weed. Wait till the harvest, and the reapers shall gather up the weeds to be burned, and shall store the wheat in my barn."

All the parables of Jesus were about simple, every-day actions with which the disciples were familiar. They understood some of them without help, but they did not know the meaning of the one about sowing grain and weeds in the same field, so they asked Jesus to explain it. He told them this was what it meant: The field is the world. The sower of good seed is the Son of Man, and the sower of weeds is the devil. The seeds of grain are the good, and the seeds of weeds are the wicked. The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels.

Two of the parables were about the sea. One said the kingdom of heaven was like a merchant who was looking for pearls. At last he saw one so valuable that he hastened to sell all that he had to buy it. Another said that the kingdom of heaven was like a net that was cast into the sea; and as Jesus told the story, it is probable that the listeners could see fishermen farther down the shore getting ready to put out their nets. When the fishermen in the parable drew their net in to land, they sat down beside it and gathered together the good fish, but cast away the bad. So shall it be, Jesus told them, at the end of the world,

for then the angels shall separate the wicked from the good. When the parables were ended, he asked his disciples, "Have you understood all these things?" and they answered, "Yes."

These stories were told on the western side of the Sea of Galilee. When sunset had come, Jesus said to his followers, "Let us go over to the other side of the sea." Crowds were still waiting on the shore to hear him speak, but he was so weary that he could not talk to them, so exhausted that he fell asleep in the stern of the boat, and did not awake even when the water grew rough and the boat plunged heavily from the crest of the wave to the trough.

The Sea of Galilee is a peaceful little lake only thirteen miles long, but when the fierce northeast wind falls upon it, violent storms arise that almost in a moment lash the waves to a mad fury. Such a tempest had burst forth, and the water, which had been so calm and quiet when they left the shore, was now in the wildest commotion. The wind roared, rain fell in torrents, the waves dashed madly over the little boat; they seemed to clutch it as if they would drag it down to the bottom

of the sea. Still Jesus slept as peacefully as if he were again a child in the house of Joseph at Nazareth. Several of his disciples were hardy fishermen who had spent their lives on this sea, and knew it in storm and in calm, but such a storm as this was unlike anything that they had ever seen.

They understood well how to manage their boat, but in spite of all they could do, it began to sink. "Awake the Master," they said, "for we are lost!" Then one cried, "Master, we are perishing! Awake, awake!" and another called, "Master, save us, save us!" Jesus arose and stood for a moment gazing into the darkness. He looked so calm and so majestic that the disciples forgot their terror. The waves still beat into the boat, and the storm raged just as violently, but after a moment Jesus turned toward the men and asked, "Why are you fearful? Have you no faith in me yet?" Then he spoke to the stormwind as if it were a living creature, and bade it be quiet. "Peace," he said to the sea, "peace, be still." The wind ceased, and the raging of the water was subdued. The clouds rolled away, and the stars shone out. Then the disciples were almost as much afraid of Jesus as

they had been of the storm. "Who is he?" they whispered to one another. "What kind of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

They were in the boat all night, and early in the morning they came to the farther side of the lake, near the town called Gadara. They moored the boat and started to walk up the long hill into the city, but before they had gone far from the shore two fearful objects rushed out of tombs that had been cut into the soft rock. They were men, but naked and wild and savage. One of them ran toward the little company, the broken chains which hung from his ankles dragging on the ground and clanking against the stones in his way. In his madness he had torn his flesh with sharp stones into great ragged wounds, and from these wounds blood was dropping as he ran. "He is possessed with a devil," whispered the disciples. "He is so fierce that no man in Gadara dares to pass by this way. See the chains and fetters that he has broken!" Even the disciples might well have been afraid, but as soon as the man saw Jesus, he fell down before him. "You unclean spirit, come out of him!" commanded the Master. "What

have I to do with thee, Jesus, Son of the Most High God?" cried the unclean spirit. "I beseech thee, do not torment me." Jesus asked the spirit, "What is your name?" and the spirit answered, "Legion, for there are many of us. Do not send us to the place of torment. Give us leave to enter into that herd of swine on the mountain." "Go!" said Jesus. So the evil spirits entered into the swine, and the whole herd of two thousand rushed down the hill into the sea and perished.

The men who fed the swine hastened back to the city to tell what had happened, and crowds of curious people came out to see the man who had done such a wonder. They found him sitting quietly on a rock, and at his feet was the terrible madman whom they had all feared. One of the disciples had given him a tunic, another a cloak. He was clothed and in his right mind. Jesus was talking with him in a low, gentle voice, and he was listening so earnestly that he did not heed the trampling of many feet coming up behind him.

One would have expected the men of Gadara to be grateful and delighted that the madman was cured, but instead of that they were angry and afraid. Many of the Gada-

renes were Jews, but they followed the customs of the heathen around them and did not obey the laws of Moses. One of these laws was that no Jew should own swine, and it is quite possible that this herd of swine belonged to some of these law-breaking Israelites. However that may be, the Gadarenes begged Jesus to leave their land, and he did so. The man who had been cured followed the Healer down to the water, and even until Jesus had stepped into the boat he pleaded, "Lord, Lord, let me go with you. Let me follow you about and learn of you." "But I need you here in your own city," said Jesus. "Go to your friends in your old home and tell them what mercy God has shown you." The man was happy in the thought of serving the One who had healed him, and he went through the whole city telling what great things Jesus had done for him.

The Gadarenes had sent away the Christ who would gladly have taught them. He returned to Capernaum, and long before the little boat could come to land, word had gone about that he was on his way. Crowds had gathered and were pressing to the water's edge to welcome him. He began to talk to

them, but while he was speaking, the ruler of the synagogue came running swiftly. His name was Jairus. He was a great man among the people, and they made way for him to come to the preacher. He threw himself upon the ground at Jesus' feet and begged him to come. "It is my own little daughter," he pleaded. "She is at the point of death. Come with me and lay your hands upon her and save her."

Jesus went with him, and all the people followed. They thronged about him and pressed upon him. Suddenly he turned and asked, "Who was it that touched my garments?" Peter said, "Master, in such a crowd as this do you ask who touched you?" "Some one has touched me," replied Jesus, "for power has gone forth from me." Then a woman threw herself down upon the ground before him and said, "Lord, I have suffered much for twelve years. I have spent all that I had on physicians, and they have made me worse rather than better. I heard of you, and I thought if I could only touch but the fringe of your mantle I should be cured. Forgive me, forgive me! But, O Lord, the sickness has gone from me!" Jesus said, "Daughter,

go in peace. You have believed in me, and your faith has saved you."

Jesus and the ruler and the crowd went on toward the house of Jairus. Before they had reached it, messengers came to the ruler saying, "Your little daughter is dead. The rabbi can do nothing now. Do not trouble him any further." Jairus did not say a word, but he looked appealingly into the eyes of the Master, and Jesus said, "Fear not, only believe." Then he sent away the crowd and let no one but Peter and James and John go with him.

Soon they heard the dirges of the flute-players and the monotonous wailing of the hired mourners, for the rabbis required them to be hired to make lamentation when a death occurred. Jairus was a rich man, and he had hired a large number. "Why do you weep and make such a tumult?" Jesus asked. "The little girl is not dead, she is only sleeping." Then the crowds laughed as easily as they had wailed. "Don't we know that she is dead?" some of them cried. "Is she not made ready for the grave?" "Go from the house!" bade Jesus, and he made them all depart. The mother was weeping silently.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER

"Come," said he, and he and the mother and Jairus and Peter and James and John went into the room where the little twelve-year-old girl lay ready for burial. He took her by the hand and said, "Maiden, I say unto thee, arise!" and she arose. Her father and mother could hardly believe that it was really their own child come back to them from the dead, and they almost feared to touch her, as if she had been an angel sent to them in place of their little girl. Jesus watched them for a moment and then said, "Give her something to eat." So the child ate and was with them again, no angel and no spirit, but their own little daughter.

Jesus bade farewell to the joyful family and went away to rest. In less than twenty-four hours he had taught great crowds by the seashore, he had stilled the tempest, had cured the man possessed with an evil spirit and the poor woman who had touched him in the crowd; he had also aroused the little maiden from the sleep of death. He might well seek rest, and he hoped to find it in the house of Peter, but before he had fairly left the home of Jairus, he heard the loud cries of two blind men, "Son of David, have mercy on us!"

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All the way to Peter's home they followed him, and even felt their way into the house. "Have mercy on us!" they besought. "You are the Messiah, the Coming One, heal us!" "Do you believe that I can do this?" asked Jesus. "Yes, Lord, yes," they answered eagerly. Then he touched the eyes of each of them and said, "According to your faith it shall be to you," and their eyes were opened. "See that no man knows this," he bade, but the blind men were so happy that they could not keep the secret, and all about the city people talked of the wonderful cure that had been wrought. One other he healed on that day, a dumb man; and when the man opened his mouth and spoke, the people cried, "There was never anything like that seen in Israel." But the Pharisees muttered their same old cry, "He can drive out devils because the prince of the devils helps him."

Sending forth the Desciples

X

SENDING FORTH THE DISCIPLES

Even in that one day the disciples had learned much of Jesus' way of teaching: they had seen how he met danger; they had watched him drive out an evil spirit, cure the blind and the dumb, and give life to a little girl who was dead. But they had been with him for months. They had seen how he treated all kinds of people, — those who were ready to believe in him and those who were determined not to believe, those who were curious to see what miracles he would do, those who scoffed at him, and those who hated him because he knew how wicked they were. They had asked him questions whenever they chose, and he had never been tired of answering.

Now he called the twelve together and told them that he wished to send them out, two by two, over the country, so that more people might hear that the kingdom of God had come.

Most of the nations round about believed in many gods; therefore he told the apostles to preach only to Jews, because the Jews worshiped one God and had been expecting the Christ, and so were better prepared to hear that he had come.

The disciples were glad to help their Master tell about the kingdom, but they were very sorry to go away from him. Then, too, they were afraid that people would not believe their words, and how could they prove that God had sent them? While they were wondering, Jesus said, "I now give to you the power to cast out unclean spirits and to heal all kinds of sickness." They had seen him work miracles, but they had never thought that they would be able to do the same things, and so they were very glad.

Then Jesus had a long and earnest talk with them about what they should say and do. He said, "Do not take food or money or extra clothes with you. You are going to work for the people, and the workman deserves his wages. When you come to a city, search out some upright man and go to his house. Say to him, 'Peace be unto you,' and remain with him so long as you stay in that place. If he is really

worthy, your blessing will bring peace to his house; if not, it will return to you." Then Jesus thought of the men of Gadara, and he said, "If any house or any city will not receive you, leave it, and as you go shake its very dust from off your feet. In the day of judgment it will be better for Sodom and Gomorrah than for that house or that city."

Jesus knew that they would have to meet many difficulties, and he was sorry for them. He said, "I am sending you away from me as if I were sending sheep among wolves. You must be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. You will be given up to councils, and you will be scourged. You will be brought before governors and kings."

The apostles looked anxious, for most of them were unlearned men, and they knew not how to speak before kings. But Jesus said, "Do not be anxious how to speak, for the Spirit of God will put into your hearts what you are to say. You will be hated because you love me and trust me, but be brave and bear to the end, and you will be saved. If one town drives you away, go to another, and before you have gone through the towns of Israel I will come again. Men have called me

Beelzebub, and a disciple cannot expect to be treated better than his master; but go on boldly and teach all men as I have taught you. Freely you have received, freely give. Do not be afraid of your enemies, for they can destroy the body only; but rather fear evil, because that can destroy both body and soul. You are not alone, for your Father is watching over you. Two sparrows are sold for a farthing, but God never forgets even a sparrow, and you are of more value to him than many sparrows. You will have trouble, but remember that he who believes in me and is willing to say so before men will have a great reward, for I shall tell my Father that he is my friend; but if any one denies me, then I shall tell my Father that he is not my friend."

Jesus was so afraid that his disciples would be discouraged when trouble came that he warned them again that they would have to bear suffering. "My coming," he said, "will make a son disagree with his father and a daughter with her mother; for whoever is my disciple must love me better than he loves his father or his mother. He who wishes to be my follower must be willing to bear hardship for my sake. And remember that he

CHRIST THE HEALER

who does wrong in order to save his life will lose it, while he who loses his life for my sake will find it. You are going out instead of me, and whoever is kind to you is really being kind to me and honoring my Father, who sent me; and he shall be rewarded. Yes, if any one gives you even a cup of cold water because you love me, he shall receive a reward.

So it was that those brave men went out to tell all who would listen to them the things that Jesus had told them. They knew that they would be poor and despised, that they would be imprisoned and beaten, and would perhaps lose their lives. Jesus had told them that they would have trouble as long as they lived, but that after they died they would be happy forever. They loved him and believed him, and began their journeys joyfully.

Jesus stood looking after them as they left him. He would have been glad to bear all the suffering for them, but that could not be. He was lonely without them, but he went from town to town preaching and healing, as he had done when they were with him.

A great sorrow soon came upon him, the death of John the baptizer, who had been for many months in the prison of King Antipas.

When John was preaching in the wilderness, Antipas was interested in this man who called upon people so boldly to give up their sins; but when John said, "King Antipas, you, too, are living in sin, for you have stolen your brother's wife, Herodias, and made her your queen; repent and give her up, or punishment will come upon you," then Antipas was not pleased. When Queen Herodias heard what John had said, she was bitterly angry, and was determined that he should die. Antipas threw him into prison, but would not put him to death, in spite of the pleadings of Herodias. Then Herodias watched for an opportunity to get the life of John by trickery.

When the king's birthday came, he gave a great supper to his commanders and the leading men of Galilee. There was drinking and feasting. Musicians played and sang. Dancers floated into the room gracefully and delighted all who looked upon them. The surprise of the evening came when a beautiful young girl, the daughter of Herodias by her first marriage, followed the dancers. For a princess to take the place of a paid performer and dance at a banquet was a disgrace to her and to the king who permitted such a thing, but the half-drunken

men shouted their applause, and even Antipas forgot the shame to his house and cried out with delight, "Ask any reward that you choose, and I will give it to you, even half of my kingdom."

The princess went quickly from the room to her mother, who was waiting close at hand. "What shall I ask?" she said; and the mother whispered eagerly, "Ask for the head of my enemy, John the baptizer. He is your enemy, too, for if he lives, he will set the king against us both." Then the young girl hastened back to Antipas, and bowing before him she said, "O King Antipas, I have chosen." "What is your choice?" asked the king, and he thought of richly embroidered garments, of pearls, and of golden ornaments. "Give me the head of John the baptizer on a platter," answered the girl.

Antipas was sobered in an instant. He looked angrily at the graceful maiden. "Is that your wish?" he demanded, and again the girl bowed herself before him. "I will not," muttered Antipas. Then he saw the guests gazing at him curiously to see what he would do, and whether he would keep his promise, and he was afraid to refuse. "Come here!"

he shouted to a soldier of his guard. "Take that platter and bring the head of John the baptizer and give it to her!" and he muttered a terrible oath. The soldier went away, but he returned very soon with the head of John on the platter, for the earnest preacher had been put to death in his prison. He gave the platter to the girl, red as it was with the blood of the murdered man, and she carried it to her mother. So it was that a great man came to his death.

Soon after the murder of John, the apostles came back to Jesus, eager to tell him where they had been and what they had done. All Galilee was talking of their preaching and of the wonderful Man who wrought such astounding miracles. "Who can he be?" people asked one another. "He must be Elijah," declared some, and others said, "If he is not Elijah, he is surely a prophet, and as great a one as those of the days of our fathers." The reports made their way even to the king's palace, and then Antipas trembled. "It is not Elijah," he said to himself fearfully. "It is John the baptizer. He is risen from the dead to take vengeance upon me."

Jesus longed to have a little time of quiet

with his disciples, but the crowds were pressing upon them so eagerly that they had no time even to eat. "Come into the boat," he said; "we will go to the country and rest." They got into the boat, but the multitudes followed to the water's edge and watched to see where the boat was going, and then they ran to that place. It was much farther by land than by water, but they ran so fast that when Jesus came to the shore, there was the same throng that he had left behind him, — five thousand men besides women and children. He pitied them. "They are like sheep without a shepherd," he said, and, tired as he was, he told them he was glad they had come. Then he healed the sick among them and taught them.

The day passed, and the early twilight came, but the people lingered, for in listening to the Teacher they seemed to have forgotten that they were hungry and tired. Then the disciples said, "Master, it is late. Send the multitudes away to buy food for themselves and to find places to sleep in the villages round about." Jesus answered, "They need not go away; do you give them food." The disciples looked at one another in surprise.

What could he mean? At last Andrew said, "A lad here has five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" and Philip added, "It would take more than two hundred pennyworth of bread to give every one a piece."

Jesus had waited awhile only to see whether his disciples would trust him or would doubt his power to meet the difficulty, and now he said, "Bring me the five loaves and two fishes." It was a strange command, and the disciples must have wondered, but they obeyed. He told the multitudes to sit down in ranks, fifty one way and one hundred the other. He took the food, and looking up to heaven, he blessed it. Then he broke the loaves and gave them and the fishes to his disciples to pass among the people. One after another took all the bread and fish that he wanted, and still there was enough and to spare. When the multitude had eaten all that they wished, Jesus said, "Gather up the broken pieces now, so that nothing will be wasted," and they took up enough fragments of the loaves and fishes to fill twelve baskets.

The multitude had been taught and fed, and now Jesus could have at last the quiet

hour of prayer for which he longed. "Do you go before me across the sea," he bade his disciples, for he needed to be free, even from them. "Go before me, and I will send away the multitude." But the multitude had been talking together, and some of the chief men among them declared that Jesus should be their king. "He is surely the Messiah," they said. "No one but the Christ could do such a miracle as that. He shall lead us, and Israel shall again have a kingdom." "But he will not be a king and leader," objected some. "He shall! he must!" the others shouted, and they would have tried to make him king by force, but Jesus withdrew from them and went up on a mountain to pray.

The apostles had obeyed him and had launched their boat to go to Capernaum. Twilight had deepened into evening, the night had come, and with the night came a great wind, and one of the violent storms of the Sea of Galilee suddenly burst upon them. They furled the sail, for the tempest was driving them from their way. It was past three o'clock in the morning, and these strong fishermen had been rowing for hours, but they had not yet made four miles. The water

poured into the little boat as it pitched and tossed on the waves. "If the rabbi were only here!" they cried, and even as they spoke, they saw his figure gleaming through the darkness.

"It is the Master," said one joyfully. "No," said another, "it is a spirit, for it walks upon the water as if upon the land." They were more afraid of a spirit than of a tempest; they trembled and cried out in fright. Then a loving face was turned toward them, and a familiar voice said, so clearly that the words came through the roaring of the wind and the sea, "Be of good cheer; it is I. Be not afraid." Still they doubted. It looked like the Master, and the voice was his, but it might be an evil spirit that had made itself look like him.

Suddenly Peter remembered that Jesus had not only been able to do miracles himself, but that when he sent them out to preach he had given them, too, the power to work wonders. A spirit could perhaps walk on the water, he thought, but only Jesus could give some one else the power to stand on the waves. So he reasoned, and he cried, "Lord, if it is you, tell me to come to you on the water." Jesus

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA

smiled, and said, "Come, Peter." Peter did not hesitate for a moment. He sprang from the boat, and found that he could walk upon the water as upon dry land. It was no spirit, it was the Master.

Suddenly there came a terrible gust of wind, and the waves dashed even higher. Peter was afraid. He had seen the feeding of the multitude, but he thought, "No one would have been harmed if the bread had given out. It is different here, for if the rabbi's power fails, I shall be drowned," and as soon as he was afraid, he began to sink. "Save me, Lord, save me!" he cried. Jesus stretched out his hand and said, "O man of little faith, why did you doubt me?" They stepped together into the boat, and the wind ceased. Then those who were in the boat bowed before Jesus and said, "Truly, you are the Son of God." It seemed to be only a moment before the boat was at the landing-place. There stood great crowds of sick folk all waiting to touch the hem of the rabbi's garment, and all who touched it were made well.

Another multitude was on the side of the sea that the little boat had left the night before. Jesus had gone. Where could he

be? Some other boats were near the shore, and as soon as they had come to land, the people crowded into them and went to Capernaum to find the rabbi. They knew that no other boat had left the shore that night than the one in which the apostles had gone, and they knew the rabbi had not gone with them.

When they saw Jesus with his disciples, they exclaimed, "Rabbi, how did you get here?" Jesus did not give these people a welcome, because he knew why they had come, and he said, "You came because you ate the loaves and fishes and had all that you wanted. Do not work for food that will soon perish, but for the food that will give you eternal life." The people were ashamed for a moment, and they said, "What shall we do to work the works of God?" Jesus answered, "Believe in me." Then some one called, "Rabbi, show us a miracle. Moses gave our fathers manna in the wilderness; what can you do to prove that you are greater than he?"

Jesus knew that no miracle would convince them if that of the loaves and fishes had not done so, and he would show them none.

"Moses did not give you bread from heaven," he said. "God's bread comes down from heaven and gives life to the world." They had no idea what he meant, but they hoped that he would give them food as he had done on the day before, and they cried, "Lord, give us this bread." Then said Jesus, "I am the bread of life. He that comes to me shall not hunger, and he that believes on me shall not thirst. If any one comes to me, I will not send him away. You have seen me, and yet you do not believe."

The rabbis murmured together, "Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph the carpenter? We know his father and his mother. How can he say that he is come down from heaven?" Jesus turned to them and said, "Do not murmur among yourselves. Your fathers ate manna in the wilderness, and they died. I am the bread of life. If a man eats of this bread, he will live forever. The bread that I will give is my flesh, and I will give it so that the world may live." The rabbis and Pharisees had still no idea of his meaning, and they questioned scornfully, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Jesus knew that they had not come to learn, but only to sneer

at him, and he would give them no further explanation. He only said again, "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you will have no life in yourselves," and there he left them.

Many of his followers went away from him after this address. They did not understand his meaning, but they did get the idea that the "kingdom of God," as preached by Jesus, meant that God's love would rule in their hearts and those of all mankind, and that in some way Jesus would suffer to bring this to pass. They wanted a "kingdom of heaven" that had a throne, guarded by armed men, with the Jews for the chief people and every one forced to accept their religion. They wanted a Christ who would be a great military leader, one who would raise a band of soldiers and would work miracles to overcome his enemies until he had conquered the world. They did not care for this new kind of Christ, and many who had called themselves his followers went away from him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, "Will you, too, go away from me?" Peter cried out for them all, "Lord, to whom could we go? You are teaching us how to get eternal life. We know that

you are the Holy One of God." Jesus loved the impulsive Peter. He gave him one look of tenderness, and then said sadly, "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is evil."

All these things he said either in the synagogue or upon leaving it after morning worship; for he did not give up his habit of going to the synagogue, though he did not follow the customs that were foolish and worse than foolish because those who believed them thought that they had done all that was necessary to please God. One of these was the purifying of hands required before a meal. This was not for the sake of cleanness, but was a ceremony ordered by the rabbis, and was to be performed after the hands had first been washed as clean as possible. The finger-tips were to be joined, and the hands held so that the water might run down to the elbows and then back to the fingers. Three times the water was to be poured upon the hands, and at each time of pouring a prayer must be said. Should the towel be laid upon the table or upon the couch? That was an important question, and one about which the wise men had long disagreed.

The Pharisees and scribes kept close watch of Jesus, and once they said to him, "Your disciples do not obey the teachings handed down from our ancestors, for they eat without washing their hands." Jesus replied, "Why do you break God's commandments with these teachings of yours? God said, 'Honor your father and mother,' but you have made a rule that even if a man's parents are poor and needy, he is not obliged to help them if he chooses to say, 'That is the money which I have vowed to give to the Temple.' You are hypocrites. You honor God with your lips, but not with your heart." A crowd had gathered about him. He turned to them and said, "Listen to me! Let every one of you understand this: Nothing that a man can eat will make him unclean."

He spoke with utter fearlessness of rabbis and Pharisees. His disciples, however, were afraid that his enemies would do him some harm, and they asked him timidly, "Do you know how angry the Pharisees were at what you said?" "They need not be," was his reply. "If my words are not true, they will fall to the ground; every plant which my Father has not planted will be rooted up.

The Pharisees are blind men leading the blind." "But tell us the meaning of what you said," cried Peter. "Do you not understand?" asked Jesus. "This is what it means: From a man's heart come evil thoughts, theft, murder, deceit, and pride. These, indeed, make a man unclean, but to eat without washing the hands does not make him unclean."

Words of Sadness

XI

WORDS OF SADNESS

JESUS was so fearless, and he told wicked men so boldly when they were doing wrong, that he had many enemies. He was not surprised; he had warned his disciples that his coming would not bring peace, but a sword, and the anger of his foes was like a sword that was turned against him. He was to give his life to save men, but the time for the sacrifice had not yet come. So when it was dangerous for him to stay any longer in one place, he left it and went to another. After he had told the rabbis, in the presence of crowds of listeners, that their teaching was false and wicked, he knew that he would not be safe among them. Then, too, he had heard that King Antipas thought of imprisoning him and putting him to death, for fear that he would work some miracle in punishment of the murder of John the baptizer. Thus far

Jesus had lived among the Jews, but now he went away from Galilee toward Tyre and Sidon.

These were busy cities, famous because they carried on so much trade with distant lands, and because they manufactured glass and dyes. The Tyrian purple was known in all the countries about the Mediterranean. The citizens were rich, and they had built magnificent palaces. There was much to see in these places, but Jesus did not enter the cities. He would have been glad to live quietly for a while, but the people of this heathen land had heard of his deeds, and one woman was in such deep sorrow that she would not be kept away from him.

She followed him into the house where he was staying and cried, "Have mercy on me! O Lord, you are the son of David, help me! My little daughter is tormented by a devil." Jesus did not answer at once; he waited to see what his disciples would say. "Send her away," they urged, "for she is crying after us." Then Jesus said to her, "I was sent to preach to the Jews. I must care for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Still she pleaded, "Only cure my little daughter, Lord."

Around the house were the half-wild dogs

SITE OF TYRE

that lived in the village, dashing in at every open door to seize what might be dropped from the table. Jesus pointed to them and said, "It is not fitting to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs." But the woman was not to be driven away. Was there not bread enough and to spare? Perhaps she had heard that at the feeding of the five thousand many fragments remained. They might have been given to the birds or even to the dogs. There was no limit to the power of this teacher, and she answered quickly, "Yes, Lord, it *is* fitting, for even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table."

Jesus had only been testing her so that her joy might be the greater when he gave her what she asked, and now he said, "O woman, great is your faith; you shall have your wish." The woman did not delay a moment, for she never thought of doubting his word, and when she reached her own house, there lay the little daughter resting on her bed, and the evil spirit had left her. This act of the Master's taught the disciples that although he had been sent to the Jews, he would show kindness even to those who were not of the chosen people.

After his visit to the land of Tyre and Sidon, Jesus returned to Galilee. Wherever he went, multitudes followed, and he healed all that were sick. Among them was one who was deaf and could speak only broken words. Jesus took him aside, put his fingers into the man's ears, touched his own tongue and then that of the man. The deaf man knew that Jesus was asking him if he wished to hear and to speak. He nodded eagerly and tried to stammer, "Yes, rabbi, yes." Jesus turned his eyes up to heaven. Help must come from God. The man nodded again. "Be opened," said Jesus, with a deep sigh, and the man's ears were opened. He spoke plainly, and he heard. "Do not tell of this," bade the Healer, but the people were too full of wonder to be silent. "He does everything well," they cried. "He makes the deaf hear and the dumb speak." This healing occurred near Decapolis, where many heathen lived, and the inhabitants cried in wonder, "Great is the God of Israel!"

Jesus returned once more to Galilee to preach in his own country for the last time. However bitterly the Pharisees might oppose him, the masses of the people were so glad to

hear him that they sometimes forgot food and shelter. Shelter was a small matter those warm nights, and even when their supply of food had given out, they still refused to go away.

On one of these occasions Jesus called his disciples apart and said, "I am sorry for these people. They have been with me now three days, and they have nothing to eat. I cannot send them away hungry, for fear they will faint by the road, for many of them came from far away." He stopped to see what the disciples would suggest, but even though they had seen him give food to thousands of people only a short time before, they asked, as if they were surprised at his idea of feeding them, "How could we have bread enough here in the wilderness for all these men?" Jesus asked, "How many loaves have you?" "Seven," they answered, "and a few small fishes."

There were more loaves than when he had fed the multitude before, and there were present only four thousand men, while before there had been five thousand, but it did not seem to occur to the disciples that Jesus could repeat the miracle. They must have felt

ashamed when he told the people to be seated, gave thanks to God for the bread, broke it, and gave it to the disciples to distribute. Seven basketfuls were left of the broken pieces. Then Jesus sent the multitude away. He was sorry to have them go, for they were simple, loving people, who had been glad to listen to him, and he knew that in leaving that part of the country and returning to the western coast of the sea, he was going directly into danger and trouble.

Not long after he landed a company of Pharisees and Sadducees came to him and said haughtily, "So you claim to be the Christ? If your claim is just, show us a miracle great enough to prove it." Jesus knew that no matter what they saw, they would say it was not a miracle at all, or that it had been done by the power of the devil, and he refused to show them one. He answered, "When it is evening, you look at the heavens and say, 'It will be fair weather to-morrow, for the sky is red;' or perhaps in the morning you say, 'The sky is red and lowering, we shall have foul weather to-day.' You know how to read in the sky the signs of the weather, but you cannot see the signs of the times. You are

wicked men, and no sign shall be given you but that of the prophet Jonah." He left them, and getting into the boat with his disciples, he went across the sea.

As they came to the other side, the disciples remembered that in their sudden start they had forgotten to take bread with them, and that there was only one loaf in the boat. They were as troubled and anxious as if they had not just seen Jesus provide food for thousands. "Perhaps he will not wish us to buy of the Pharisees and Sadducees," they whispered, "and how shall we get bread?" Jesus was thinking of the unbelievers who had demanded a miracle, and of how much harm they would do among the people. He heard the word "bread," and said aloud, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees." "He is not pleased that we forgot the bread," the disciples whispered, "and he does not wish us to buy any leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees." Then the Master was grieved that these men whom he loved and taught should understand him so little, and he said, "Do you not remember the five loaves and the five thousand men, or the seven loaves and the four thousand? Have you forgotten how many

basketfuls of fragments you took up? You have eyes; do you not see? You have ears; do you not hear? Do you not understand even now?" Then at last they understood that he had warned them to beware not of bread, but of the teachings of the Pharisees and Sadducees.

It was no wonder that Jesus felt a deep wrath toward these two classes of people, for both did great harm to the kingdom of God. The Pharisees required men to obey their teachings, even, as Jesus had shown, when they were contrary to the law of Moses; and they taught that if a man only kept the ceremonial law, he was pleasing to God. The Sadducees were descended from long lines of priests, and they held the highest offices in the Jewish church. They claimed that they obeyed the law of Moses better than any one else, and they scorned the teachings of the Pharisees. Jesus had preached that the "cleanness" of the Pharisees was of no value unless the heart, too, was clean, and that a higher law than that given by Moses was to rule in the kingdom of God. If the teaching of Jesus was believed, both these parties would lose power and position. Therefore, much as they

hated each other, they hated him even more, and they united against him.

In spite of their hatred, Jesus went quietly on in his own path. He healed a blind man, and took no care for his own safety other than bidding the man not to talk of him, but to go directly to his own home. This was done at Bethsaida, for Jesus was still in Galilee. Here he had done most of his preaching, and now he asked his disciples what the men of Galilee said of him. "Who do men say that I am?" he asked, and they answered, "Some say John the baptizer; some, Elijah; some, Jeremiah; and some, another of the prophets." Jesus paused. Was it possible that after all those months of teaching, Galilee, his own Galilee, did not know he was the Messiah? Peter saw the grief in his Master's face, and when after a moment's silence Jesus asked, "But who do you say that I am?" he burst forth, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God." A rare look of happiness shone on the face of Jesus, and he said, "Blessed are you, Simon, for you have not learned this from men, but from my Father who is in heaven. You are Peter, and upon this *rock* I will build my church." Then Peter under-

stood why Jesus had long before given him the name, for it was upon these words of his that the church of Christ was to be founded.

Peter was very happy, but his joy was soon turned to sadness, for Jesus began to talk plainly to his disciples about a great sorrow that was coming upon them. He said, "I must suffer many things. I must go to Jerusalem, be rejected by the elders, the chief priests, and the scribes, be killed, and on the third day be raised up from the dead." He had told them these things before, but not so clearly. He had said that he should be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth, and he had said that he should give them his flesh to eat, but they had not thought he meant that he should die. "He has just told us that he is the Christ, the Son of God," thought Peter. "We will fight for him. There are thousands that love him and believe in him. We will save him from his enemies." He threw his arm about Jesus and exclaimed, "Never, Master, never shall this come to you!" for even Peter had not given up the idea that Jesus was to be a great king and lead the Jews on to conquer the world.

Jesus knew what Peter was thinking. This idea of making himself a king by force had come to him in the wilderness, and he cried, as he had done in the desert, "Away from me, thou evil one, get thee hence! Peter, you are not thinking of the kingdom of God, but of the kingdom of men." Then he said to all the disciples and to the multitude waiting to be taught, "Whoever tries to save his life shall lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake shall find it. If any one among you wishes to be like me, let him take up his cross and follow me." The disciples knew that prisoners who were to be crucified were obliged to carry to the place of execution the cross on which they were to die; but even after these plain words, they could not believe that the Master whom they loved would die the death of a criminal. He had taught them so much by parables that they thought this, too, might be a kind of parable, and meant perhaps only that there would be more trouble than they had expected in establishing the kingdom of the Jews. Still, they were very sad, especially Peter and James and John, three of his first disciples, for no matter how much they tried to explain away his words, they could not help

knowing that some sorrow was coming to those who loved the Master.

These three always seemed a little nearer to Jesus than the others, and to comfort them he took them with him that evening when he went up on a mountain to pray. While he prayed a little way from them, they sat with half-closed eyes and leaned against the rock, for they were sad and weary. Suddenly they heard voices, and only half awake they started up, fearing lest harm had already come to the Master. But as they opened their eyes, they saw him standing on the little height above them. His garments were white as the light, and his face shone like the sun. With him were two men; one was Moses, and one was Elijah, and their words came clearly to the ears of the disciples. They were talking of death, the death of the Master, and of Jerusalem. "When you have been crucified at Jerusalem," they said. Peter fancied that if Moses and Elijah would only stay on earth, they could in some way keep harm from Jesus, and he cried, "Master, I am glad we are here. Let us make three tabernacles of boughs, one for you, one for Moses, and one for Elijah." But while he was speaking, a

THE TRANSFIGURATION

bright cloud overshadowed them all, and the disciples were afraid. Then came a voice. They knew that it was not the voice of a man, and they fell on their faces in fear. The voice said, "This is my beloved Son; hear him." As they lay on the ground in wonder and dread, a gentle hand touched them, and the voice of the Master said, "Arise, and do not be afraid." The cloud had passed, Moses and Elijah were gone, and Jesus was alone with them.

All that night they stayed on the mountain. When they were coming down in the morning, Jesus said, "Do not tell any one what you have seen until after I have risen from the dead." "What can that mean?" the disciples questioned of one another. "The dead will not rise until the resurrection, and Elijah must come first, for that is what the prophets say." At last they ventured to ask Jesus, and he said, "Elijah has come already, and men have done to him what they wished, just as the prophets foretold." The disciples knew then that he meant John the baptizer, but even after the words of Jesus and after the vision on the mountain, they did not understand that their Master must die on the cross at Jerusalem.

Who are the Greatest

XII

WHO ARE THE GREATEST?

WHEN Jesus and the three came down from the mountain, they saw a crowd gathered around some of the scribes and two or three of the disciples. The disciples looked puzzled and ashamed, and the scribes were laughing scornfully and saying, "So you could not do that! Beelzebub did not help you then." As Jesus came near, the people ran to meet him and give him welcome. The man who was first of all fell on the ground before him to do him honor and said, "O Master, I brought my boy to you, but you were not here. He is possessed by a deaf and dumb spirit, and when the spirit seizes him, it throws him down. He foams at the mouth and grinds his teeth. I asked your disciples to cure him, but they could not."

As the father and son stood before Jesus, the boy fell on the ground and foamed at the

mouth. Jesus was sorry for him and for the father, and he asked, "How long has this been so?" The scribes were listening to every word and saying to one another, "He is asking questions instead of curing him. He cannot heal the boy any more than those followers of his could."

The father paid no attention to them, but answered the question of Jesus and said, "He has suffered like this ever since he was a little child. Sometimes the spirit throws him into the water and sometimes into the fire. O rabbi, pity us, and help us if you can." Then Jesus said, "If I can? One who believes in me may have what he will." The father cried, "I do believe in you, Lord. Forgive me that I doubted you." Jesus said to the spirit, "Come out of him, and never return to him." The boy gave a loud cry and for a moment seemed worse than ever. Then he lay so still that the scribes said, "He is dead. That is the way he is cured." But Jesus took the boy by the hand, and he opened his eyes and saw his father and went to him. He was healed, and the spirit had gone from him.

The disciples followed Jesus, and when they

were away from the multitude, they said, "Master, you gave us the power to cast out devils; why could we not cast out this one?" Jesus answered, "Because you were afraid that you could not. If you had faith like a grain of mustard seed, you could say to this mountain, 'Go to another place,' and it would go. Nothing is impossible if you only believe in me."

There was one thing which it seemed impossible for the disciples to believe, and that was that their Master would be put to death. Jesus was afraid that if they did not expect his death, they would not only be sorry and lonely when it came to pass, but they might even wonder whether he really was the Christ; so he told them again that he should be killed, and on the third day he should rise from the dead. One of them said long afterwards, "We did not understand him. What he meant seemed to be hidden from us." It was some time before he spoke again of dying. The daily life of teaching and healing went on as usual, and the disciples tried to forget what he had said.

They went to Capernaum, and there Peter was met by the man who collected the tax which every Jew was expected to pay for the

support of the Temple. "Does your Master pay the Temple tax?" he asked. Peter answered, "Yes," and went to tell Jesus. Before he could speak, Jesus said, "I have a question for you, Simon. Ought the king's sons or his subjects to pay him a tax?" "The subjects," said Peter. "Then the sons are free," declared Jesus, "but if we refuse to pay, they will not understand us, so go down to the sea and throw out your hook. In the mouth of the first fish that you catch there will be a shekel, and that will pay the tax for us both." Peter knew that Jesus meant the Temple was his Father's home, and that Jesus remembered Peter's words, "You are the Son of the living God," and was pleased with him, so he went away gladly to pay the tax.

The disciples understood parts of their Master's teachings, but just as they could not understand that he was really to be put to death, so they could not seem to realize what he meant by the kingdom of heaven, and they still thought it must be what they had always supposed, an earthly kingdom with a throne and a palace and thousands of soldiers.

As they entered the house where they were to stay in Capernaum, Jesus asked, "What were

SITE OF CAPERNAUM

you talking about on the way?" They hung their heads, and no one answered, for on the way they had been disputing about who would have the highest place when the Master became king. They saw that he knew what they had done, and they were ashamed. A little boy of the house was watching Jesus and wishing that he dared to speak to the rabbi, when Jesus looked at him and said, "Come." The little one ran to him, and Jesus took him up in his arms. Then as the twelve men stood before their Master, Jesus said, "The one who is humblest is greatest, and unless you become as humble as this little child, you cannot enter my kingdom. If any one receives a little child in my name, he is receiving me and my Father who sent me."

John said, "Master, we saw a man casting out devils in your name, and we forbade him because he was not one of us." "Do not forbid him," replied Jesus. "If he trusts me so that he can cast out devils in my name, he is your friend and he shall be rewarded. Whoever gives you even a cup of cold water because you are mine shall have a reward; but if you turn a man away from me who knows me and trusts me even a little, it would

be better for you if a millstone were hung about your neck and you were sunk in the depths of the sea. Do not despise even those who have only a little faith in me, for the angels of my Father are watching them and caring for them. If a man has a hundred sheep and one of them wanders away from the fold, does he not leave the ninety-nine that are safe and go out on the mountains to search for the one that is lost? And if he finds it, does he not rejoice more over that one sheep than over the ninety-nine that did not wander away? As the shepherd feels toward the sheep, so my Father feels toward one who is trying to obey him, even if that one does not fully understand how to do his will. Again, you are the salt of the earth, for you have been with me and learned of me, and as a little salt seasons food, so you are to spread my teachings through the whole world; but if salt has lost its flavor, it is good for nothing. If you dispute among yourselves, you will make people doubt me and my teachings."

Then Jesus told them what to do if one of them had injured another. "If one of your brethren has harmed you," he said, "do not

talk about it to other people, but go to him and tell him how he has wronged you. Perhaps he will listen to you and be sorry for what he has done; but if not, ask one or two of your friends to talk with him, and try to persuade him to do right, not for the sake of having your own way, but so that there may be peace among my followers. If any two of you agree to ask a good gift of my Father, he will give it to you; for when you meet together to ask it in my name, I will be with you and tell you what to ask of him."

The disciples did not understand all that Jesus had said. The rabbis taught that a righteous Jew must forgive once, twice, and three times any one who injured him, and that was all that could be asked. The disciples knew that Jesus required more than the rabbis, and Peter asked if seven times would be enough. "Not seven times," said Jesus, "but seventy times seven. Hear this parable: There was once a king who sent for his collectors of taxes to make a settlement with them. 'Here is a man who owes you ten thousand talents,' the officers reported. This collector could not pay what he owed, and the king said, 'Take all the property that he

has. Sell him and his wife and his children as slaves and bring the money to me.' Then the collector fell down at the feet of the king and cried, 'Only be patient with me. Give me time, and I will pay you all.' The king was sorry for him, and said, 'You can never pay so much, but I will forgive you the whole debt.' The collector went from the kind-hearted king and found a man who owed him one hundred pence, one seven hundred-thousandth of what he had owed the king, and caught him by the throat, and cried, 'Pay me what you owe me.' The man fell down at the collector's feet and begged, just as he himself had begged of the king, 'Only be patient with me. Give me time, and I will pay you all.' But the collector was merciless. 'Throw him into prison,' he commanded, 'and keep him there till he pays what he owes me.' The other collectors were so sorry for the man that they told the king the whole story. He sent for the merciless collector and said, 'You are a wicked man. I forgave you your debt, and you ought to have had mercy on that man just as I had mercy on you. Take him to prison,' the king said to his officers, 'and let him suffer there till he can pay his debt.'"

Then said Jesus to his disciples, "Learn from this that if you do not forgive others, my Father in heaven will not forgive you."

After this sermon some of the disciples, if not all, understood a little better than before what Christ's kingdom was to be, but many of his own relations did not understand him or believe in his kingdom. The disciples wished to keep him away from Judea, for fear his enemies would kill him, but some of his relations urged him to go to Jerusalem to the Feast of Tabernacles. "Go on into Judea," they said. "When a man wishes to be known, he must not work in secret. It is time for the journey to begin. Go up and show what you can do." Jesus knew that they wished him to gain power, not so that men might hear the truth, but so that they themselves might be called great because they were related to him, and he refused to go at that time. He meant to go later, but not with the great company of pilgrims that was about to start.

When the long caravan of people from Galilee came to Jerusalem, Jesus was not with them. Many had expected to see him, and there was much talk about him and his words.

Some said, "He is a good man," but others said, "No, he is not, for he does not teach men as the priests do." The feast lasted one week, and in the midst of it Jesus came to Jerusalem, but as he had not come with the Galilean company, his enemies were not looking for him. He began to teach in the Temple, as any rabbi might do, and even the scribes and Pharisees who heard him were amazed, and said, "He has never studied in the schools of the rabbis. How is it, then, that he can explain the Scriptures like a great rabbi?" Jesus heard them, and answered, "My teaching does not come from the rabbis, but from God who sent me. The way to learn about God is not to study the writings of the rabbis, but to do what God wishes. You are angry with me because I once cured a man at the pool of Bethesda on the Sabbath day. You remember that Moses told you to keep the Sabbath, but you forget that he told you to love your neighbor as yourself. That is a higher law than to keep the Sabbath, but you break it because you hate me."

Jesus spoke so fearlessly that some of those who lived in Jerusalem said, "Is not this the man whom the rulers wished to kill? Per-

haps they think now that he is really the Messiah, and that is why they do not stop him." Then others cried, "No, this is not the Messiah. This man comes from Nazareth, but no one will know what place the Christ comes from. He is not the Messiah." Jesus heard them speaking, and he said, "You know that I am from Nazareth, but you do not know that I am from God, because you do not know him. I know him, and he sent me." Then some of them cried, "He is a blasphemer. Take him out and stone him!" But others said, "When Christ comes, can he do any more miracles than this man?" The Pharisees heard that the people thought he might be Christ, and they were alarmed. "We must take him prisoner before he gains any more followers," they said, and they sent out their officers to take him.

The people went on talking about him. Some said, "He is surely Elijah;" others said, "No, he is the Christ himself." Then the first declared, "This man comes from Galilee. He cannot be the Christ, for the Scriptures say Christ will be descended from David and will be born in David's own village

of Bethlehem." They became so excited that some of them were ready to take him prisoner; but whenever they drew near enough to hear his words, his teachings were so true and noble that they could not lift their hands against him. Even the officers who had been sent out to capture him went back to the chief priests and the Pharisees without him. "Why did you not bring him?" the Pharisees demanded, and the officers answered, "We could not, for there never was a man who spoke like him." "So you, the officers of the council, are led away with the rabble!" the Pharisees cried scornfully. "Do any of the rulers believe in him, or any of the Pharisees? They know the law, but the rabble know nothing of it, and they are the ones who follow this man."

One of the members of the council was that same Nicodemus who had come to Jesus in the night. He thought that if Jesus was brought before the council, he would speak so truly that they could not help believing in him, and he said, "Does our law condemn a man without knowing what he has done? Let us hear him for ourselves." But the others only scoffed at him, and said, "Oh yes,

you are his friend. You come from Galilee. Search the Scriptures, and you will see that no prophet ever came from Galilee."

The council did not call him before them, and they did not take him prisoner. Indeed, they hardly dared to try to take him, and more than once before he left Jerusalem he taught those who would listen to him. During the last of these talks the people became very angry with him. He said, "If a man follows my teachings, he will never die." The listeners cried, "You are possessed by a devil. Abraham died, and the prophets died, and you say that if a man follows you, he will never die. Are you greater than Abraham and the prophets?" "Abraham was glad when he knew that I should come of his race, and he has seen me," said Jesus. Jesus meant that Abraham was glad in Paradise to see that he had come upon the earth, but the crowd thought of nothing but the time when Abraham had lived on the earth, two thousand years before, and they cried out, "So you say you have seen Abraham, and you are not yet fifty years old!" and they mocked him and scoffed at him. Jesus answered slowly and solemnly, "I lived before Abraham." "He

calls himself God!" they shrieked. "He is a blasphemer! Stone him, stone him!" It was not yet time for Jesus to die, and when the crowd would have hurled their stones at him, he had gone from among them.

In the Land of
the Samaritans

XIII

IN THE LAND OF THE SAMARITANS

JESUS went back to Galilee, for it was his own land and he longed to see it once more. He could stay but a little while, for he was soon to set out on his last journey. This was to be only from Galilee to Jerusalem, but it was to take many weeks, for he meant to preach on the way to all who would hear him.

He started to go through Samaria, as he had done once before. It would have made him very happy if the Samaritans had been as glad to see him as they were on his first visit; and perhaps they would have welcomed him if he had been going north instead of south; but they knew that he was on his way to Jerusalem, and they never forgot the old quarrel between them and the Jews, whether men should worship at Jerusalem or on Mount Gerizim. James and John went before the others and asked in a Samaritan village, "Will

you give us shelter for the night, the Christ and his disciples?" "The Christ!" cried the Samaritans. "When Christ comes, he will build a great temple on Mount Gerizim. He will not go up to Jerusalem. No, we will give no shelter to a Christ of Jerusalem." Then James and John went back to the Master and said, "Rabbi, shall we call down fire from heaven to burn their village?" but Jesus said, "No, the power that I have given you was given so you could help men, not destroy them. We will leave them and go to another village."

While they were on their way, one of the Samaritans came to Jesus and said, "Lord, let me go with you. I will follow you even to Jerusalem;" but Jesus answered, "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but I have nowhere to lay my head." Jesus had asked a second Samaritan to follow him, and the man had said, "Yes, Lord, but my father is dead. Let me go first and bury him." Jesus replied, "No, follow me." A third said, "I will follow you, but let me go home first and say good-by to my family and my friends," but Jesus shook his head. "No man can follow me who looks back after he

has once put his hand to the plough." Jesus knew that a time of trouble and danger would soon come to his disciples, and he did not wish to add to their number men whom he had little time to test. That was why he made it so clear to those three that they could not go with him unless they were ready to give up everything for his sake.

The Samaritans had treated Jesus very unkindly, but he was not angry with them; he was only sorry that they did not see what was right, and he planned a way to teach them. He called together seventy of those who had listened to him and understood his teachings best, and, just as he had sent the twelve on a missionary journey through Galilee, so he now sent these seventy through Samaria, that the Samaritans might be made ready to listen to him when he came to them. The Jews believed there were just seventy nations in the world, therefore Jesus chose this special number, so that all might understand he meant his Gospel for the whole world. He gave these men nearly the same directions that he had given the twelve, but one of his commands must have been especially hard for them to follow. Just as the

Pharisees would not eat with publicans and sinners, so none of the strict Jews would eat with a Samaritan or even enter his house; but Jesus told the seventy to stay in Samaritan houses and sit down to the table and eat with those whom they had always despised. It was not an easy thing for them to do, but they must have obeyed him, for they came back to him glad and rejoicing, and told him how many sick they had healed and what evil spirits they had cast out. Jesus was glad because they were glad, and because so many people had listened to their teaching, but he was afraid they would be proud of their power and forget that God had given it to them, that they had not gained it for themselves. So he said, "I will give you even more power, but do not be as glad that you can do these wonders as that you belong to my kingdom, for many great men, kings and prophets, longed to see the wonders that you see and hear the words that you hear, but did not."

While the seventy were preaching, Jesus, too, had preached. He could not stay in Samaria, but went on across the Jordan, for once over the river, he was in Perea, and Perea did not belong to Samaria. Even in

leaving the borders of the Samaritan land he stopped for a deed of mercy. Ten lepers, a horrible company, watched him from afar off, for they dared not come near. "Unclean, unclean!" they called, as they were obliged to do, and then they cried eagerly, "Master, Master, have mercy on us! Pity us and heal us!" "Go and show yourselves to the priests," said Jesus, and they were so sure that he would not deceive them that they turned from him without a question and hastened to find the priests. As they ran, they felt stronger at every step, and they knew that the leprosy had left them. "We are cured, we are cured!" they cried, and nine of them hurried on faster than ever. One said, "Oh, the rabbi, the rabbi! Praise God!" and he turned about to tell Jesus that he was cured. He fell at his feet and thanked him over and over again. He was a Samaritan, and Jesus was glad that even from the country that had refused him shelter one should have come to him. Then he was sad, for he thought, "The others were Jews, my own people, and they were ungrateful," and he said, "Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine? Only one has come to give

glory to God, and he is a Samaritan," and as the man still bowed at his feet, for he could not thank him enough, Jesus said, "Go on your way, and remember that you were cured because you believed in God."

When Samaria had been left far to the north, Jesus crossed the Jordan again, and then he was in Judea, in the district about Jericho. This country was so rich that its palm groves and fig trees were talked of throughout Palestine. Flowers grew here that grew nowhere else in the land. Grain gave a larger crop and ripened much earlier than anywhere in Galilee. The city itself was a most interesting place. Here was a beautiful palace built by Archelaus, the son of Herod; but Jericho was even more famous for the number of priests and rabbis that made their home within its walls. There were so many of them, and they had argued together so often, that they believed no one from any other city could outwit them.

One of these rabbis, who was called a lawyer because he had spent so much time studying the law of Moses, felt sure that if he could argue with Jesus, he could get the better of him. So when he saw the Master

THE ROAD FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO

and his followers this rabbi said, "Teacher, they say that you are telling men how to gain eternal life. Now what must I do to win it?" Jesus said, "What is written in the law?" The lawyer answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." "That is right," said Jesus. "If you do this, you will have everlasting life." The lawyer was disappointed, for he had expected Jesus to make some answer that he could find fault with; but he did not mean to give up, and he asked, "And whom do you call my neighbor?" Jesus replied, "I will tell you a story: A man was once coming from Jerusalem to this city, and he was attacked by thieves, who robbed him and beat him, and went away, leaving him half dead. A priest came down the road in a little while, and he saw the man, but he would not go near him for fear of becoming unclean, so he went by on the other side. After he had gone, a Levite came, and he, too, saw the man, but like the priest, he passed by on the other side. Then came a man from Samaria, and when he saw the sufferer, he was sorry for

him. He poured oil and wine on his wounds to make the pain less, and then he bound them up. This road was not a safe place, and travelers usually went as fast as they could for fear of being attacked by robbers; but in spite of the danger, the Samaritan set the wounded man on his own ass, and walked slowly beside him until they came to an inn. There he stayed all night and cared for the man. In the morning he had to go on his journey, but he gave money to the keeper of the inn and said, 'Take care of him, and if this will not pay you, I will give you more when I come back.' Which one of these three do you call a neighbor to the man that was in need?" The lawyer could give but one answer. He hated the Samaritans so that he would not speak their name, and he said, "The one who was kind to him." "Your question is answered," said Jesus, and he added gently, "Go and do as he did." The lawyer did not care to argue any other question with Jesus, and the Master went on to the village of Bethany, two miles from Jerusalem.

This was a pretty village. The houses were whitewashed so that they gleamed like

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

marble. A rocky, barren mountain lay behind it, but all around were green trees and fields. One of those houses was the place that Jesus liked best to visit. It was the home of Lazarus, his sister Mary, and an older sister, a widow, whose name was Martha. These three were his warm friends, and when some one ran to the door of their house and called, "Lazarus, the rabbi from Galilee is coming," they were all delighted. Lazarus hastened out to greet him; Mary had water brought to bathe his feet, and threw open the coolest room, so that he might rest; Martha, who was the housekeeper, ran to and fro, doing one thing and then another that she fancied would make him more comfortable. "He shall see that we are glad to welcome him," she said to herself, and she was anxious and troubled lest something should be neglected that would show him honor. Jesus had said, "Whosoever receives me receives my Father." But Mary seemed to have forgotten all about these words. She was sitting at the feet of the Master, listening to him, and doing nothing to serve him. It seemed strange to Martha that Jesus should allow Mary to be idle when there was work

to do for God, and she said to him, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Will you not tell her to come and help me?" Then Jesus replied, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious for fear you will not do enough for me, but it is better to listen to my teaching than to be troubled about doing many things for me, and Mary has chosen aright."

Bethany was so near Jerusalem that Jesus could easily go up to the city to teach. One Sabbath morning he saw in a porch of the Temple a beggar who was born blind. The Jews believed that if one was born blind, his parents were sinful, or else he himself had sinned before he was given a life on the earth, and they asked Jesus, "Is this man blind because he sinned, or is he punished for the sins of his parents?" "Neither," answered Jesus, "but now I will show you in him the power of God." He spit on the ground and touched the man's eyes with the wet earth. "Now go," he said, "and bathe in the pool of Siloam." The man had heard what Jesus had done for others, and he started eagerly for the pool, feeling the way with his staff. When he came back, he had

JESUS WITH MARY AND MARTHA AT BETHANY

thrown away his staff, and was leaping and shouting for joy. "Who is that?" asked the neighbors. "Is n't he the blind man who used to sit in the Temple porch and beg?" "Yes, it is he," said some; but others were doubtful, and said, "It looks like him." Then the man himself cried, "I am he. I am the man who was a blind beggar and sat in the porch." "How did you gain your sight?" they exclaimed, and the man replied, "The one whom they call Jesus made clay and put it on my eyes, and told me to bathe in the pool of Siloam. I did, and now I can see." "Where is he?" they asked; and he answered, "I wish I could find him, but I do not know."

When the Pharisees heard this, they had a great dispute among themselves, for some said, "This man does not come from God, or else he would keep the Sabbath;" but others declared, "No man who is not from God could do such a miracle." They went to the beggar and asked, "What do you think of him?" The council had agreed that whoever called Jesus "the Christ" should be put out of the synagogue. That meant not only that he could not enter the synagogue, but that none

of his family or friends, except his wife and children, could come within eight feet of him without sin. Nevertheless, the beggar was not at all afraid, and he said, "I think he is a prophet." Then the Pharisees said, "The fellow never was blind. We will ask his parents about this healing." The parents were not so brave as their son, and they said, "He is our own son, and he was born blind, but we do not know anything about how he was cured." The council called the man again, and said, "The man who healed you is a sinner. Praise God for your cure." The beggar replied firmly, "I do not know anything about that, but I do know that I used to be blind, and now I can see." "Tell us again how he healed you," they said. But the beggar answered, "I have told you once, and you did not believe me. Why do you wish to hear the story again? Do you think of becoming his disciples?"

Then these men forgot that they were members of the dignified Jewish council, and they began to quarrel with the beggar. "You are only a follower of this wicked man," they said, "but we follow Moses. God sent Moses, but we know nothing about who sent this man." The beggar was not taken aback, and

he said, "That is very strange. This man opened my eyes, and you say you know nothing about who sent him. God does not listen to sinners, but he does hear those who do his will. Since the world began, no one has ever opened the eyes of a man who was born blind; and if this man were not from God, he could do nothing."

Again the grave councilors forgot their dignity, and screamed, "You are a sinner! You were blind because you were wicked!" and they put him out of the synagogue.

Jesus heard that the beggar had been put out, and searched for him till he found him. When he had found him, he asked, "Do you believe on the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord?" asked the beggar. "You have seen him," answered Jesus, "and it is he who is speaking with you." "I believe, Lord," cried the beggar joyfully, and he threw himself at the Master's feet. Then said Jesus to some of the Pharisees who had followed him to hear what he would say, "I am come into the world that I may make those see who wish to see, and that I may show some of those who think they see that they are really blind." "So you call us blind?" retorted the Pharisees, and Jesus

said, "If you were really blind, if you could not see what was right, you would not be to blame."

Again when Jesus went to teach in the Temple, he told the people a parable about the shepherd and his sheep. He said, "No one but a thief tries to climb over the wall of a sheepfold, for when the shepherd comes, he goes to the door, and the porter opens it to him. He calls his sheep by their names, and they are glad to follow him, for they know his voice. If a stranger calls them, they are afraid, for his voice is strange to them, and they run away."

The Pharisees could hardly help knowing what the parable meant, but they declared that it had no meaning. Then Jesus said, "This is what it means: The thieves are those who have taught the people wrong. The fold is like the kingdom of heaven, for just as the sheep are in the fold, so are God's children safe in his kingdom. I am like the door to the fold, for as the sheep go through the door, so do men enter the kingdom of heaven by me and my words. Again, I am like the shepherd, for I will give my life for my followers, just as the good shepherd will give his

life for his sheep, while a servant, who cares nothing for them, will run if he sees a wolf coming." Then Jesus said one thing more: "I have other sheep that are not of this fold. I must call them, too, and then there shall be only one flock and one shepherd." He meant that his followers would come from other nations as well as from the Jews; but if his hearers had really understood his words, even some of his friends would have thought it a very strange thing for their Christ to seek for followers who were not Israelites. As it was, the crowd did not know what to think of him. Some said, "Why do you listen to him? He has a devil." Others said, "A man with a devil does not talk like that, and a devil cannot open the eyes of a man who was born blind."

Are you
the Christ ?

XIV

ARE YOU THE CHRIST?

THE Pharisees were puzzled. Jesus did not act at all as they had expected the Christ to act, but on the other hand, he was doing deeds that no man had ever done before. They were afraid that he might be only trying the people to see who would receive him. Then he would raise an army and conquer the world. Those who had been his friends would have the highest place in his kingdom, and those who had opposed him would be treated as his enemies. They determined to try to make him tell them whether he was the Christ or not. So as he was walking in a porch of the Temple, they went to him, and said, "How much longer do you mean to keep us waiting? If you really are the Christ, say so plainly." Jesus answered, "I have told you already, but you do not believe me. The wonders that I do prove that I am from God, but you do not listen to me. If you were my disciples, if

you wished to learn of me, you would hear my voice, and I would give you eternal life. Those who follow me follow my Father also, for he is ever with me. My Father and I are one."

Then the Pharisees were angry, and some of their friends in the crowd caught up stones to throw at Jesus. He looked straight into the faces of the furious mob and said, "By my Father's power I have healed many that were suffering. For which of those deeds do you wish to stone me?" The crowd shouted, "You blasphemed! you said you were God!" "I am the Son of God," declared Jesus quietly, "and I do the works of my Father. You have seen my works, and even if you do not believe what I say, believe them, and know that my Father is in me and I in him." They screamed, "Take him, take him! He is a blasphemer!" but Jesus stepped back and was lost to sight among the people.

He left Jerusalem for a time and went again to the wilderness, to the place where John had taught and baptized. Many who had listened to John now went to hear the great rabbi. "John did not show us any miracles," they said, "but every word that he said about this man was true," and many believed on Jesus.

One day when he was a little apart from his disciples, praying, they said, "John told his disciples what words to use when they prayed. Let us ask the Master to teach us a prayer." He had given them the Lord's prayer in one of his earliest sermons, but several of the disciples had not been with him then, and even those who heard it may have thought that he would some day teach them a longer prayer than that, for it was so unlike the prayers of the rabbis. This was simple, and sounded as if a man was speaking to his father; but the prayers of the rabbis were formal and very carefully arranged. Some of them were written in many parts, the first part beginning with A, the second with B, and so on. The disciples expected some form of prayer like that, but Jesus gave them the Lord's prayer again in nearly the same words that he had used before.

Then he said, "I will tell you a parable about prayer. There was once a man who went to his friend's door at midnight and called, 'My friend, my friend, come down to me and lend me three loaves of bread. A friend of mine is on a journey, and has come to me. He is hungry, and I have no food in

my house.' But the friend replied, 'Do not disturb us. It is late; the door is fastened. I cannot get up to give you bread.' The man still begged, 'Come down and help me.' 'My children are asleep,' said the friend. 'I cannot get up and wake them.' The man did not go away, but cried, 'Come down, come down.' At last the friend came down and gave him the bread."

Jesus said, "My Father is not like him. That friend gave because the one who came to him begged and pleaded for a gift; but my Father is always glad to give good things, and he will give to every one that asks him. You know that if a boy says, 'Father, give me a piece of bread,' his father will not give him a stone; if the boy says, 'Give me a fish,' his father will not give him a serpent; and if he says, 'Give me an egg,' his father will not give him a scorpion. No father would be so cruel; and God is much more ready than any father on earth to give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him."

While Jesus was speaking, one of the Pharisees said to himself, "I mean to ask this rabbi to dinner, and see whether it is true that he does not purify his hands before he

eats." He went to Jesus and said, "Rabbi, will you eat a meal with me?" "I will," Jesus answered. He went into the Pharisee's house and took his place at the table. Very soon the Pharisee whispered to other Pharisees who were there, "It is true, he does not purify his hands; he does not keep the law." Jesus said to them, "O Pharisees, you tax mint and rue and every vegetable of the garden, but you care nothing for the love of God. You like to sit in the chief seats in the synagogues and to have men bow down before you seven times when they meet you in the marketplace. You wish to seem good, not to be good."

The Pharisees were silenced for once, but several lawyers were present, and one of them said, "Rabbi, when you blame the Pharisees, you are blaming us too, who are rabbis and teachers of the people." "Yes," answered Jesus, "and sorrow will surely come to you, for it is you who have made all these foolish rules that are such a burden to the people. Your fathers killed the prophets long ago. You do not follow the teachings of these prophets, but you build tombs to them to make the people think you honor them. You are as much to blame as those who killed them."

After this the scribes and Pharisees watched Jesus even more closely, and tried to make him say things that they could report to the council. He did not fear these people, but he was always afraid his disciples would be timid, and he said to them again, "These Pharisees are hypocrites. See that you are not like them. Do not be afraid of them, for the most that they can do is to kill. Do not be afraid of anything but doing wrong. My Father will be with you and help you. Your enemies will bring you before the synagogues and the rulers and the council, but the Holy Spirit will tell you what to say to them."

There was a crowd about Jesus, all trying so hard to hear what he said that they trampled on one another. Among them was a man who had something to ask the rabbi that he thought was very important. He and his brother had quarreled about the money left by their father, and so many of the people looked upon Jesus as a great teacher that the man thought a word from him would be of much value. He forced his way through the crowd, and stood before Jesus, hot and breathless. "Rabbi," he said, "my brother has seized all that my father left us. Make him

divide it with me." Jesus said, "That is not my work. I was not sent here to judge quarrels or to divide property."

Many of the hearers knew about this quarrel, and sided with one brother or the other. It was a good time to talk about money, and Jesus said to them, "Do not wish for money too eagerly. A man may be happy and good without it. Money will not give him long life. I will tell you a story about a man who had much wealth. His harvest was so great that his barns would not hold it. He was very happy, and said to himself, 'I will tear down those small barns and build larger ones. I will put my harvest in them and store up my property where it will be safe. Then I will enjoy myself. I will work no more, but I will eat and drink and be merry.' So thought the rich man; but that very day God said, 'Foolish man, to-night you will die. Who will have all your treasures then?' So it is with a man who tries to get money only to enjoy himself, and not to use it to help on the work of God."

Even when Jesus was talking to a multitude, he was always thinking of his disciples, and of what he could say to them that would

help them when he was gone, and now he turned to them and said, "Do not be troubled for fear you will not have food and clothes. If you are working for God, he will see that you have these things. Give generously to the people who need help, and even if you have little money on earth, you will have a great treasure in heaven, and no thief can steal that treasure. Besides, a man is always thinking about the place where his treasure is, and the more treasure you have in heaven, the more you will think of heaven, and the more you will love the Father. Do not think, 'By and by I can begin to lay up treasure in heaven.' When a master goes to a wedding feast, he says to his servants, 'Be ready to open the door when I come back.' If he finds them watching, he will be pleased with them and will give them a feast, and he himself will serve them. They do not know when he will come, neither do you know when your life will end. The owner of a house cannot tell when a thief will break in; he must be always on the watch."

Jesus paused for a moment, and Peter asked, "Master, is this parable meant for us, or for all the people?" Jesus answered by giving

him another one. "When the owner of a house goes away, he says to his steward, 'I am going on a journey, and I leave my house in your care. Give my servants their food and be kind to them.' If the steward has been faithful, the owner will say when he returns, 'You have taken good care of my house, and now I will give you the care of all my property.' But if after a little while the steward says to himself, 'My master is gone a long time, and perhaps he will never come back,' and then if the steward beats the servants and will not give them food, while he himself carouses with feasting and drunkenness, the master will return just when he expects him least, and will say, 'You have been unfaithful, and you shall be scourged.' This is my answer, Peter: A servant who knows what he ought to do and does not obey shall be beaten with many blows, but one who disobeys because he does not fully understand shall be beaten with few blows. I have taught you twelve more than I have taught others, and therefore if you do wrong, you will be more to blame than they, because you have had a better chance to know what is right."

Then he said to the multitude, "When you

see a cloud rising in the west, you say, 'There will be a shower;' and when the south wind blows, you say, 'It will be a hot day.' How is it that you understand the clouds and the wind, but do not understand my words? If you owe money to a man and he is taking you to the judge, you try to settle on the way, lest you shall be put into prison and kept there till you have paid the last penny. Why can you not understand that I am calling upon you to repent and give up your sins, that you may not be punished for wrongdoing?"

"Rabbi," said one, "Pilate took money from the Temple to use in building, and when the people cried out against him, he put them to death. He even killed some of the Galileans when they were sacrificing at the altar. So you would say they were punished because they were doing wrong?" Every one listened then. If Jesus said a word against the Galileans who died because they had tried to keep the governor from robbing the Temple, there would be an uproar against him. If he said a word against the Roman governor, his enemies would accuse him of rebellion. Jesus replied, "These Galileans were not slain because they were more wicked than the other

Galileans, and when the tower in Siloam fell a little while ago, the eighteen men who were killed did not suffer because they were worse than others; but I am talking of you, not of them, and I tell you that unless you repent, you will be punished. You are like a fig tree that for many years had borne no fruit. Its owner said, 'Cut it down, it is only in the way;' but his vinedresser replied, 'Master, let us try it one more year. I will dig about it and care for it, and perhaps it will bear fruit. If not, we will cut it down.' You deserve punishment, for you do evil, but my Father has sent me to tell you again to repent, and to give you one more chance to learn to do what is right."

How to Give
a Feast

XV

HOW TO GIVE A FEAST

Jesus journeyed on from village to village. He longed to speak to as many people as he could, for he knew that only a little time was left before his life on earth would be ended. His enemies watched him still more closely, for they were more and more afraid, as they saw how many of the people believed in him. One Sabbath morning a woman came before him, who was so bent with disease that for eighteen years she had not been able to stand straight. Jesus healed her, and in a moment she stood up and began to praise God that she was well. The ruler of the synagogue called out to the people that had seen the healing, "Men ought to do their work in six days, not on the Sabbath." It was the same old cry, and Jesus said, "You are hypocrites. Every one of you who owns an ox or an ass went this morning and untied him and led

him away to water. This woman, not an ox or an ass, but a daughter of Abraham, had been bound by Satan for eighteen years. Ought she not to have been set free on the Sabbath?" The crowd shouted, "Good, good!" and the ruler slunk back into the synagogue, while Jesus went on teaching the people.

The replies of Jesus were so keen and so true that the Pharisees began to be afraid to argue with him. The next time he was going to heal a man on the Sabbath, he asked the lawyers and Pharisees, "Is this a right thing to do or not?" and they did not venture to answer, for they knew that he would say something to which they could not reply, and then the people would laugh at them. When he asked this question he was in the house of a rich Pharisee, who was giving a great supper. At a feast there were usually three couches arranged on three sides of the table, for the Jews followed the Roman custom of half reclining as they ate, leaning upon the left elbow. The crowd that were always coming and going never failed to notice how the guests were placed, and they would say, "That one is a great man, for he has the chief seat."

Jesus noticed how the rabbis especially all tried to get the best places, and he said, "When you are asked to a feast, do not try to get the chief seat, for a man may come who is to be honored more than you, and when the host asks you to move, you will be ashamed. It is better to take the lowest seat of all, and then if the host says, 'Friend, come up higher,' you will be honored before them all. Whoever tries to make others honor him shall be humbled, and whoever is humble shall be honored."

The host must have been pleased with these words, for it was a difficult matter to arrange the seats so that all would be satisfied. Jesus had a word for him, too. "You give a feast," he said, "and your friends and kinsmen and rich neighbors enjoy it, and then when they make a feast, they invite you, and you are glad; but I will tell you how to get an even greater reward for your kindness. When you make a feast again, invite those who are poor, the blind, the maimed, and the lame, who must beg because they cannot work. They will not be able to make a feast for you, like your rich neighbors, and so God will give you a reward."

One of the guests who had been listening closely said, "Happy is the man whom God shall feast." "That is true," replied Jesus, "and I will tell you a parable. A rich man made a great supper and invited many people. When it was ready, he sent his servants to bring them to his house, but each preferred to do something else. 'I cannot come,' said one, 'for I have just bought some land, and I must go and look at it.' 'Neither can I,' said another. 'Ask your master to excuse me, for I have just bought five yoke of oxen, and I must go to try them.' 'I surely cannot come,' declared a third man, 'for I have just married a wife, and I must be at my own feast.' The master of the house had invited these people long before, and they had all accepted his invitation, so he was indignant, and he said to his servant, 'They have refused to come, and now they shall have no share in my feast; but go out into the streets and alleys of the city and bring in the poor and the lame and the maimed and the blind.' The servant obeyed, and then he said to his master, 'I have brought in those that are in the streets and alleys, and there is room even now.' 'Then go out into the country,' said

his master; 'go to the roads and the lanes and bring in any poor people that you find. My feast shall be for them, and not for those who were first invited.'"

In those days Jesus told very many parables. He knew that people could hardly help remembering the stories, and that after a while many would understand what they meant. The next three that he told were given especially to the scribes and Pharisees. They had just made the same old complaint, "This man eats with publicans and sinners." Jesus told them again the story of the sheep that was lost and that the shepherd went out on the mountain to find. Then he told another with nearly the same meaning. "There was once a woman," he said, "who had only ten pieces of money. She lost one of them, and she was very sorry. She lighted a lamp and searched every part of the house, but she could not find it. Then she said, 'I will sweep my house through, and perhaps I can find the money.' So she swept the house, and there in a dark corner was the little piece of silver. She was so happy that she could not keep her pleasure to herself, and she ran out of the door and called to her friends and neighbors,

'Are you not glad? I have found the piece of money that I lost.' That is the way it is in heaven," said Jesus, "for the angels of God rejoice whenever any one who has sinned is sorry for his sins."

The next parable was about two brothers. Jesus said: "There were once two brothers. The younger was tired of living at home, and he said to his father, 'Some day one third of the money that you have will be mine. Give it to me now.' The father was grieved, but he gave it to him; and while the young man was hastening away to a far country, where he could be free to do as he chose, the father sat alone and wept for his son, who cared so little for him that he was glad to go away from him. The son wasted his money in the far country, and before long it was gone. There was a famine and he was in want. He went to one of the rich men of that land and said, 'Will you let me work for you so that I may have food?' 'Yes,' answered the man, 'you may go out into the field and feed my swine.' The famine became so bad that the young man would have been glad to eat the pods that were usually given to swine, but the owner had none even for them. Then the

young man said to himself, 'My father's servants have bread enough and to spare, and I am dying with hunger. I will go to my father and ask if I may work for him. I have been wicked, and I am not fit to be called his son, but I will beg him to let me be his servant.'

"The father was still grieving that his younger son had left him, when afar off down the road he saw a young man coming toward him. He was barefooted, his clothes were dusty and torn, and his head was bowed with shame; but the father knew him and hastened out of the house and ran to meet him. The young man began, 'Father, I am sorry' — but that was all he could say, for the father threw his arms around his neck and kissed him. Then the son said, 'I have done wrong, and I am not fit to be called your child;' but the father broke in upon him and called to his servants, 'Bring out the best robe in the house and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet; bring up the fatted calf and kill it. To-day shall be a feast day, for I thought my son was dead, and he is alive. I thought he was lost to me, and he is found.'

"The elder son was out in the field, and when he came near the house, he heard music and dancing. 'What is this?' he asked a servant. 'It is not a feast day.' The servant answered, 'Your father bade us keep holiday and be merry, and he has killed the fatted calf that we may feast, because your brother has come home again.' The elder son was angry and said, 'I will have nothing to do with this feasting,' and he would not go into the house. When the father heard that his son had come, he went out and cried joyfully, 'Son, come in and rejoice with us, for your brother is at home again.' But his son answered, 'I have served you for many years. I have always obeyed you, and still you never gave me even a kid, that I might have a feast with my friends. This son of yours went away from you and wasted your money in a heathen country, but as soon as he came, you killed the fatted calf for him.' Then the old man said, 'Son, you are always with me, and all that I have will be yours; but how could I help being glad and rejoicing? I thought your brother was lost, and he is found; I thought he was dead, and he is alive.'"

By this parable Jesus taught them that his

RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON

Father was glad whenever one repented who had done wrong, and that they, too, ought to be glad, and not despise one whom they did not think as good as they. Perhaps he was afraid they would not notice that when the younger son began to be sorry for what he had done, he did not try to please his evil companions part of the time and his father the other part, but gave them up entirely and went back to his father. At any rate, the next parable that he told was about serving two masters. "There was once a rich man," he said, "who had a steward. He found that his servant was dishonest, and he made up his mind to send him away, so he said, 'Give me your accounts, for I shall keep you no longer as my steward.' The steward went away in great trouble. 'What shall I do?' he said to himself. 'I am not used to digging, and I am ashamed to beg. How shall I live?' Then he thought, 'If I can do a favor to my lord's debtors, when I am put out of my stewardship they will take care of me and give me a home in their houses.' This was what he did: He sent to one of the debtors and asked, 'How much is it that you owe my lord?' And the man replied, 'One hundred

measures of oil.' 'Here is your note,' said the steward. 'Sit down here and write fifty.' He said to another, 'What do you owe to my lord?' 'One hundred measures of wheat.' 'Take your note,' said the steward, 'and write eighty.' It all came to pass as the steward had expected, for when he was put out of the stewardship, the man who had owed the hundred measures of oil said, 'He persuaded his lord to make my oil fifty measures instead of one hundred. He is a kind man, and I will ask him to come to my house.' The other debtors said the same, and the unjust steward was welcomed into their homes. When his lord heard long afterwards what he had done, he said, 'The steward is a shrewd man, for he has provided a home for himself.' Now this steward made friends by using money wrongfully," said Jesus, "and they received him into their homes; but I want you who are my disciples to make friends by using money well, so that you will be welcomed into the home of my Father in heaven. A man who is faithful in a very little will be faithful in a great deal. If you are faithful in using the money given to you on earth, God will give you trust in him and knowledge

of him. But you cannot like to use money for yourselves alone and love God at the same time. No one can serve two masters."

The Pharisees scoffed at him. "He is only a dreamer," they said. "What does he know about money? Money is to be used to buy what one wants. The way to enter heaven is to keep the law." But Jesus said unto them, "You pretend to be very good, but God knows your hearts, and he can see how wicked they are. You do not even follow the law as Moses gave it to you, for you have changed it and made many new laws. I will tell you a parable of how it might be with one who wished to spend his money only to please himself: There was once a rich man who cared for nothing but to live in a beautiful house, to wear costly purple cloth and the finest of linen, and to feast every day on the most expensive food. At his gate a beggar was laid, for he hoped that the rich man and his guests would give to him. He wished that he could have even the fragments of food that fell from the table of feasting; but the rich man was too busy entertaining his friends and enjoying himself to think of a beggar.

"After a while the beggar died. The rich

man died also, and as he looked afar off he saw Abraham and the beggar. 'O Father Abraham,' he cried, 'have mercy upon me, and send him to bring me but a single drop of water.' Then Abraham said, 'Son, remember that in your lifetime you had all that you wished, and that you suffer now because you used your wealth for yourself alone. Besides that, we cannot go to you any more than you can come to us, for there is a great gulf between us.' 'But my brothers, Father Abraham,' he pleaded, 'will you not send him to teach them so that they may never come to this place of suffering?' 'They have Moses and the prophets,' said Abraham. 'Let them hear them.' 'Oh, but, Father Abraham,' he begged, 'they would repent if one went to them from the dead.' 'No,' said Abraham, 'if they will not hear Moses and the prophets, they would not repent even if one rose from the dead to teach them.'"

Sorrow in Bethany

XVI

SORROW IN BETHANY

Most of the parables were told in Perea. "Perea" means "the land on the other side," and this country was so named because it was on the eastern side of the Jordan, while Judea was on the western. It was to Perea that Jesus had gone when the Samaritans refused to receive him. The land was ruled by Antipas, but so many of this king's subjects had been enraged by his murder of John the baptizer that there was little danger of his daring to attempt to harm Jesus. The Master was preaching about twenty miles from Bethany when a messenger came to him to say, "Martha and Mary bade us say to you, 'He whom you love is sick.'" They had thought that this would be enough to bring him, and Jesus longed to go to them without a moment's delay. He waited only because he wanted to do for them a deed so great that they could

never doubt him, and that many who saw it would believe in him. He did not say what he would do, but he sent them a message of comfort, "This sickness will not end in death, but it will show God's glory and that of his Son." "He was never afraid before," said his disciples in wonder, "but he knows he is not safe in Judea, and that must be why he does not go to Lazarus." Two days later Jesus said to them, "Now we will go to Judea again." "O Master," they cried, "do not go. It is only a little while since the men of Judea were trying to stone you. Will you go there again?" Jesus answered, "There are twelve hours in the day, and then one may walk without stumbling; but one cannot walk when the night has come. This is the time that my Father has given me to work."

Of course they would not leave him, so they started with him on the way to Bethany. The disciples were sad, for they felt that their Master was going into danger; but Jesus himself seemed happy and cheerful. "Our friend Lazarus is asleep," he said, "but I am going to awaken him." They forgot that Jesus liked to speak of death as sleep, and they said, "If he is asleep, he will get well." Then

Jesus said plainly, "Lazarus is dead." "The Master might have saved him, and he did not," the disciples whispered. "How could he have stayed away from the one whom he loved?" cried one. "He need not have gone; he could have cured him by a word," said another. Then Jesus spoke. "I am glad for your sake that I was not there," he said, "for now you will trust me more than ever before." The disciples could not understand it, but when Jesus said, "Now we will go to Lazarus," Thomas said to the others, "If he goes, let us go too, so that we may die with him."

When they came to Bethany, they went into a house at the edge of the village, for Lazarus was a rich man, and Jesus knew that many would come from Jerusalem and would remain with the sisters for the first seven days of their mourning. Some of his enemies would be among them, and he would not go into danger when it was not necessary. Word was sent to the home of Lazarus that Jesus was in Bethany. Martha and Mary sat on the floor, their faces hidden by long veils. The room was full of people who were paid to mourn and lament. Even so far away, Jesus could hear the sad music of the flutes and the wailing of

the women. Lazarus had died four days earlier, when the messenger had hardly left the village. Again and again the sisters had said, "If we had only sent before, the Master would have been here and would have healed him;" and when Martha knew that Jesus had come, she went to the house where he was and sobbed, "Lord, if you had only been here, my brother would not have died. Even now, I know that God will give you whatever you ask." Jesus was so sorry for her that he could not hide the good news for a moment, and he said, "Martha, your brother shall rise again." She was sobbing under the thick veil, and she could only stammer, "Yes, Lord, I know that he will rise at the resurrection." Jesus said, "Martha, I am resurrection and life. Do you not believe this?" "Yes, I do, Lord," she answered. "I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, the One who was to come into the world." "Where is your sister?" asked Jesus, and Martha went back to the crowded house and called Mary outside. Then she whispered, "Mary, the Master is here, and he is asking for you." Mary hastened down the path that led to the house at the edge of the

village. It also led near the tomb, and the people who were in the house followed her, for they supposed that she was going to the grave to weep. When Mary saw Jesus, she fell at his feet and cried, just as Martha had done, "Lord, if you had only been here, my brother would not have died," and she wailed and mourned. Then the people who were paid to lament began to wail, and Jesus was indignant to see this mockery of sorrow. He cut it short by asking, "Where have you laid him?" "Come and see," they answered, and they all went to a beautiful place in Lazarus's own garden. Trees and flowers were all around. A little hill rose on one side, and a tomb had been cut into the rock. As they came near, Mary's tears burst out again, and Jesus, too, bowed his head and wept. The people who had come with them watched every motion of Jesus, for they all had heard of him, and they were curious to see how he would behave. Some of them said, "How the rabbi loved Lazarus! See how he weeps for him!" but others said, "This is the man that claims to open the eyes of the blind. If he could do that, he could have kept Lazarus from dying."

By this time they stood before the tomb. It was closed by a great stone. "Take the stone away," Jesus commanded. "But, Lord, he has been dead four days," said Martha. "Did I not say to you, Martha, that if you believed, you should see the glory of God?" he asked. There was something in his manner that made those around obey him, and they took away the stone. Jesus looked up to heaven, and said, "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard my prayer. I know that thou hearest me always, but I thank thee before those that are with me, that they may believe that thou didst send me." Then he said, "Lazarus, come forth." His voice was so sweet that one would have longed to obey his command, and so full of authority that no one would have dared to disobey. What would happen? The hired mourners stared with curiosity and forgot to wail. The people from Jerusalem watched closely. Some of them were looking for a miracle; some thought, "The man has deceived others, but he shall not deceive me. I will make sure that there is no trickery about this." Martha and Mary could not take their eyes from the face of the Master. It was as calm and gentle as ever, but there was a look

of power that they had never seen before, a look of certainty, of perfect happiness. His eyes were fixed upon the open door of the tomb. It was so still that the rustling of the leaves could be heard. A bird far off in the meadow sang a good-night song. Then there was a deeper silence; and *then* the people fell back in fear and pressed forward again to see, for out of that tomb in the rock Lazarus came forth, and looked at Jesus as if he would say, "Master, I am come. What is your bidding?" He was wrapped in folds of linen. "Loose him," said Jesus, "and set him free."

The people from Jerusalem hastened back to their homes. Some believed in Jesus, and they were eager to tell their friends of what he had done. Others were his enemies, and they ran to tell the chief priests. The whole city was aroused. When Jesus healed the blind beggar, some had declared that he was not born blind or else it was not the same man, but one who looked like him. Now there was nothing for them to say; Lazarus had been dead in the tomb for four days, and he was alive again. So many people had seen the wonder that no one could deny it. What should be done? The chief priests and the Phar-

isees called together the council, and one member said, "This man works many wonders, and if we let him go on, the whole nation will believe in him." "Yes," added another, "even now groups of men are standing at the corners of the streets and in the marketplace, and as I came by I could hear them say, 'The Messiah himself, the Christ of God!' In the towns and villages men are talking of coming up to Jerusalem to fight under this man's banner." "Whoever rebels against Rome will suffer," declared another. "The Roman armies will sweep down upon us; they will destroy our Temple and our city. They will scatter our nation to the ends of the earth. What shall we do?" Then Caiaphas, the high priest, arose and looked at them scornfully. "You know nothing about the matter," he said. "You ask, 'What shall we do?' and 'What shall we do?' like children. Can you not see that this man must die? If you let him live, you have no longer a Temple, a city, a nation. He is but one; we are many. This one man shall die for us all." The others agreed, and on that day their officers were told to take Jesus prisoner and bring him before them. The council wished to keep this order

secret, but it was not long before it was known all through Judea, and then a command was sent out that no one should hide the man, but that whoever found him should bring him before them.

The officers of the Temple were eager for the reward that the priests would give, but they searched for Jesus in vain; he and his disciples had gone to a village called Ephraim, not many miles from Jerusalem, but so far back among the hills that it was a good hiding place. After a little while he went again to Perea, where he was much more safe from capture. He was not safe, however, from being followed by the Pharisees. They watched him closely, and whenever he spoke they tried to ask him some question that he could not answer. He seldom made any reply to idle, foolish questions that were asked only out of curiosity. Some time before this one of his hearers had asked whether few people or many would be saved, and he had answered only, "See that you yourselves are saved." Now the Pharisees asked, "When is the kingdom of God coming?" Jesus answered, "It is already begun. The kingdom of God is not an earthly kingdom; it is the rule of God in

the hearts of men." When the Pharisees had gone, he told his disciples more about the kingdom. He told them that before it had fully come they would have to meet suffering, but that those who loved him would always be safe. Then when he saw that they were troubled, he told them a parable about a wicked judge. "There was a poor widow in his town," said Jesus, "who went to him many times to beg him to free her from a cruel enemy. The judge cared nothing about her being treated unjustly, for he did not fear either God or man, but she came so often that he was annoyed, and to get rid of her he obliged her enemy to do her justice. That," said Jesus, "is what even a wicked man will do if one does not give up begging for what he wants. Then will not God protect his own children when they pray to him night and day? It may seem long before I come, but when I have come, then the time of waiting will seem very short. Will you not trust me? When I come again, shall I not find that you still believe in me?"

Several other parables as well as this were about how men should pray. Most of them were spoken especially to his disciples, but one

that he now told was meant expressly for the Pharisees, who believed that they did just what was right and despised others. Jesus said: "There were once two men who went up into the Temple to pray. One was a Pharisee and the other a publican." Here the people began to listen very closely, for many of them felt that a publican was so wicked that he hardly had a right to go into the Temple. "This is the way they prayed," continued Jesus. "Perhaps both repeated the same prayer, but while saying the words, the Pharisee was thinking, 'I am glad that I am not greedy for money and unjust, like other men, like that publican yonder. He does not keep the rules, but I fast twice a week, and I give to the Temple even more than the law requires.' The publican did not venture to come far into the Temple, but stood at the edge of the court. He hardly dared to lift his eyes toward heaven, but as he said the prayer, he beat upon his breast in his sorrow, and thought, 'I am a sinner, but may God have mercy on me.' Then," said Jesus, "this publican went home forgiven, but the Pharisee was not forgiven, for he had not repented."

Jesus and the Children

XVII

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

JESUS was often obliged to speak very sternly to the Pharisees, for they were so well satisfied with themselves that there was no hope of arousing them in any other way than by telling them just what they did that was wrong, and how they ought to change their lives. He was always glad when he could be gentle and loving with people instead of blaming them, and one of the happiest days of those last sad months before his death was when the mothers brought their little children to him for his blessing. It was a custom among the Jews for a child first to be blessed by his father and then to be carried to the chief men of the synagogue. One after another laid his hands on the child's head and prayed that he might grow up to become a good man. Sometimes children were taken to any rabbi whom the parents thought especially good or learned

in the law, that he might bless them. Perhaps these mothers in Perea would have been afraid to ask the great rabbi for any blessing for themselves. Perea was a half-heathen city, and it may be that some of those who came were heathen, and that they did not understand Jesus' words, but only felt that he was a good man, and that his prayers could not help bringing good to their children. However that may be, the mothers came with the little ones; some of the children ran along beside their mothers, some could just put one foot before the other, and some were little babies that were carried in their mothers' arms. The disciples were not pleased. "The Master is tired," said one. "He ought to be resting." "Yes," added another, "and he would rather have older people come, who can understand what he preaches and can work for him. They are the ones who will help to conquer the world and make his kingdom sure;" and so they told the mothers not to bring their children any more. Jesus heard them, and he said, "No one shall enter my kingdom who does not come as simply and humbly as a little child." He not only put his hands on the heads of the children to bless them, but he

took them up into his arms, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus loved not only children, but all young people. One day when he was walking with his disciples, a young man who was a ruler in the synagogue came to him. The ruler took charge of the service and appointed those who should preach or read the Scriptures. He was usually one of the older men, but this ruler was so pure and upright that he had been given the office while he was very young. He was richly dressed, but he came running after Jesus, and knelt down in the dust of the road without any thought of his handsome garments. "Good Master," he cried, "what ought I to do to have eternal life?" Jesus answered, "Why do you call me good and ask me what to do? God is good, and you know his commandments. Keep these if you wish to live forever: Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Be faithful to your wife, Honor your father and your mother, Love your neighbor as yourself." "Master," replied the young man, "I have kept these commandments, but

what else must I do?" He was so earnest in his questioning, and his face was so pure and true as he looked up into Jesus' eyes, that Jesus could not help loving him. He had noticed the handsome dress and the golden ornaments, and he thought, "The young ruler believes he cares most about winning heaven, but he really cares more about his wealth. If he will only give up the wealth, he will be free to care most for heaven," and he said, "There is only one thing that you need do. Sell your houses and lands, and give the money to the poor. Then come and follow me, and you shall have wealth in heaven." The young man did not know what to do. He wanted to have treasure in heaven, but he did not like to give up his treasure on earth. He would have been willing to build a synagogue or to follow Jesus for a while, but to give up everything and be a poor man all his life, that was very hard, and he could not make up his mind to do it. He knew that Jesus was grieved and sorry and was looking at him sadly. He could not look into the Master's face again, and he went away with bowed head, very sorrowful. Jesus too was sorrowful. "It *is* hard," he said, "for a man who has riches

JESUS AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN

to care more for God's kingdom than for them. A rich man trusts that his wealth will make him happy, and it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." A low, narrow opening in the city wall, beside the large gate, was sometimes called a needle's eye. The disciples cried, "Then who can be saved?" They were very much astonished, for they had always been taught that if a man was rich, it was because God was pleased with him and had given him wealth; and if a rich man could not enter heaven easily, they did not see that there would be any hope for a poor man. "God can make a rich man love him more than he loves wealth," said Jesus. "Then he will use his wealth aright, and he will have treasure in heaven." "We have left everything to follow you," said Peter; "shall we have treasure in heaven?" Jesus answered, "If any one has left his home or friends or wealth for me, he may be persecuted, but he shall have a hundred times as much happiness in this world, and when he dies, he shall live forever. But people will not be rewarded according to the amount that they do for me, but according to what they are

willing to do. I will tell you a story. There was once a man who needed laborers to work in his vineyard, so he went out into the market-place where men stood waiting to be hired, and said to them, 'Will you work in my vineyard to-day? I will give you each a penny.' 'Yes, lord,' they answered, and he sent them into his vineyard. About nine o'clock he went out again and found other laborers standing in the marketplace because no one had hired them. 'Go into my vineyard and work,' he said, 'and when night comes, I will pay you whatever is just.' So he told other men at twelve o'clock, at three, and at five. At evening he said to his steward, 'Call the laborers and pay each one a penny.' So those who came at five and three and twelve had each a penny. When those came who began to work early in the morning, they, too, received each one a penny. 'That is not right,' they complained. 'Some of those men have worked only one hour, but we have worked in the heat all day long.' The lord replied, 'You agreed to work for a penny, and you have it. What have you to say about the wages that I pay to the others?'" Then said Jesus, "Those who work for God must not be like the first

men and expect to be paid according to the amount of work that they do; they must be like the other men and be willing to do all that they can and trust to God for their reward."

In the midst of this teaching Jesus never forgot that the time of his death was not far away, and now again he told his disciples what was to come. "We are going to Jerusalem," he said. "I shall be given into the hands of the chief priests and the scribes; I shall be condemned and delivered up to those who are not Jews; I shall be mocked and spit upon and scourged; I shall be crucified; and after three days I shall rise again." Nothing could be more clear and more definite than this; and yet the disciples were so sure that he was to have an earthly kingdom and a throne that only a little while after he had spoken to them, James and John and their mother came to Jesus and knelt before him, while the mother said, "Master, we have come to ask a great favor of you." "What do you wish?" asked Jesus. Then said the mother, "It must be that your kingdom will come soon. My two sons have been with you from the first. Will you not promise that they shall be the chief men in the kingdom and

sit one on your right hand and one on your left?" Jesus asked the two young men, "Do you understand what I am about to suffer? Can you bear what I shall have to bear?" They had so little idea of what was to come that they answered, "Yes, Master, we can." "You shall, indeed, share my suffering," said Jesus; "but my Father will give the places of honor to those that are prepared for them."

Jesus was not angry with James and John or their mother, but he was very sorry that after all he had taught them they did not understand the meaning of the kingdom of heaven. The other disciples were indignant, however, for they had no better idea of the kingdom than these two, and they thought it was very selfish for James and John to try to get the better of them. Then Jesus told them all to come to him, for he had something to say to them. He said, "In heathen nations around us, those men are called greatest who rule the others and make them obey their will, but it is not to be so in my kingdom. I did not come to be served, but to serve others, and even to give my life for others. So let it be among you. Let the one who wishes to be greatest try to be most helpful, for that is the way to be great in my kingdom."

Jesus and his disciples had now come near to Jericho, but they were not a little band wandering alone from village to village, for the Passover time had nearly come, and multitudes of people were traveling on every road that led to Jerusalem. Many were anxious to see the great rabbi, and they thronged about him. He might do some miracle, they thought, and if he spoke they wanted to hear what he said. Two blind men sat by the wayside to ask alms of those who passed, and when they knew by the tramping of feet that a great crowd was coming, they asked, "Who is it? What does the noise mean?" "It is Jesus of Nazareth," some one answered. "He is going" — But the blind men did not wait to hear the rest of the answer. Jesus had cured a blind beggar in Jerusalem, perhaps he would cure them, and they cried, "Son of David, have mercy on us!" "Hush!" said the people around them. "He is a great rabbi. Do not call after him in that way." Still they cried, and one of them, who was named Bartimeus, stood up and began to feel the way with his staff toward where he thought Jesus might be, crying all the time, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy!" Jesus stopped

and said, "Bring them to me." "Now be happy," said the people to the blind men, "he is asking for you." The beggars had heard his voice, and throwing off their long cloaks they ran toward him. "What do you wish me to do for you?" Jesus asked. And Bartimeus answered, "O Master, if you will only give me my sight!" Jesus said, "You shall have your sight. You have believed in me, and your faith has cured you." He touched their eyes, and they both were cured. They followed on after Jesus, and they and all the throng passed into Jericho, shouting, "Praise the Lord! Glory to God!"

The crowd grew greater every minute, for now the people of Jericho had all run out of their houses to see the rabbi. Among these people was the chief publican of the city, a man named Zaccheus. He was rich, but the Jews of the city despised him because he was a tax collector. He had heard that this strange rabbi of Galilee did not scorn publicans, and he meant to see him. Zaccheus was a short man, and he would have had little chance to see in a crowd, so he did not wait for the multitude to come up the street, but ran on ahead and climbed a great syca-

SITE OF JERICHO

more tree that spread its branches over the way. All Zaccheus hoped for was to see the face of the rabbi; but when Jesus came under the tree, he looked up and said, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down and let me be your guest to-night." Zaccheus was delighted. He dropped from the low limb of the sycamore and bowed before Jesus, and said, "O Master, I never thought of such an honor as this. I am not worthy, I am not worthy." "Indeed he is not," the crowd murmured, "for he is a publican. Think of the great rabbi going to stay with a man who is a publican!" Zaccheus heard the words. He made no reply to the crowd, but he turned to Jesus and said in so loud a voice that all around could hear, "Master, I know something of your teachings, and from this day I will obey them. I will give half of my goods to the poor, and if I have ever taken money from any man unjustly, let him come to me, and I will pay him back four times as much."

Jesus had a word to say to the crowd. "This man is a true son of Abraham," he said. "You scorned him, and he is indeed lost from among you; but I have come to seek and save

what was lost, and he shall be in my kingdom."

"They say the rabbi is going up to Jerusalem to be made king, just as Archelaus went from here to Rome to receive his kingdom," said the people one to another. They crowded about him, for they were all hoping to hear that they would soon be free from Rome. Jesus knew what they were thinking of, and he said, "Let me tell you about a nobleman to whom his emperor said, 'Come to me, and I will make you ruler of the land in which you live.' The emperor lived in a far country, but the nobleman made ready most gladly to go to him. Then he thought, 'When I am king, I shall want to choose men who will be faithful to me and can rule my cities well. I will give some of my servants a little money and see which of them will manage it wisely.' He called ten of his servants and gave each one a silver pound. 'Take this,' he said, 'and trade with it for me.' Then he set out on his journey to the distant land. As soon as he had gone, the citizens came together and said, 'We do not wish him to be king. Let us send men to the emperor to ask him to give us another ruler.'"

Jesus paused a moment, and the people who lived in Jericho looked at one another, for when Archelaus went to Rome to be made king, they had sent men to the Roman emperor to say that they did not wish to have him for a ruler. Jesus was telling them their own history, and they thought, "Perhaps now he will tell us that his own kingdom is coming soon." But when Jesus went on with the story, he said that the kingdom was given to the nobleman. "And when he came back," said Jesus, "he called his ten servants to him and asked each one, 'What have you done with my money?' The first answered, 'Lord, I traded with it, and your pound has gained ten pounds.' 'You are a good servant,' said his lord. 'You have been faithful in a very little, and now you shall have more. I give you rule over ten cities.' The second servant said, 'I traded with your pound, and it has gained five pounds.' 'You, too, have done well,' said his lord, 'and you shall rule five cities.' So it was with nine of the servants; each had done as well as he could, and a reward was given to each; but when the tenth servant came, he said, 'Lord, here is your pound. I knew that you were a strict man, and would be

angry and blame me if I lost it, for you expect to reap where you have not sown, so I laid the pound away in a napkin, and here you have all that you gave me.' 'You are a wicked servant,' said his lord. 'You knew that I was strict, and that I should expect you to use what I gave you; for you are my servant, and it is your business to serve me. If you did not know how to trade with my money wisely, why did you not give it to some money-changer to use, so that when I came, I should receive the pound with interest?' Then he said to his men, 'Take the pound and give it to the first servant.' 'He has ten pounds already,' they said. 'That is well,' declared the lord. 'Every one who has served me as well as he could shall have a chance to serve me more; but the one who has not used a chance to do me even a small service shall have no chance to do me a greater service. And as for those men who said they would not have me rule over them, bring them here and put them to death.'" Jesus did not explain what this parable meant; he knew that those who heard him would remember it, and would find out its meaning for themselves.

Hosanna to the Son of David

XVIII

HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID!

After his short stay in the house of Zaccheus, Jesus set out up the narrow rocky path to Jerusalem, and many people followed him. It was only six days before the Passover. The crowds flocking up to the Holy City were greater than ever, and they all seemed to be talking of Jesus. "Will he come?" they questioned. "No, he will not," some declared, "for the chief priests and the Pharisees have ordered that whoever finds him shall give him up to them. They will pay a great reward for him." "But here are multitudes of us who know that he is the Christ. He will lead us and strike down his enemies, and free us from Rome." "Perhaps he is the Christ, and perhaps he is not, but I want to see him. They say he will come into the city with a great army and drive out the Romans." The chief priests and Pharisees were shut up in a room

in the house of Caiaphas, and they, too, were talking. "We shall surely have him now," they said. "Some one will bring him to get a reward." "Yes, we will give twenty or even thirty pieces of silver or more to get him into our hands." "But we ought to get Lazarus of Bethany. This Jesus made him live after he was dead, and so long as people can go to see him, they will believe in the Galilean. Lazarus must be put to death. Even if Jesus is killed, the rabble will hold to Lazarus." "They may try to make a Messiah out of him," said one man, with a scornful laugh. "They will think a man who has been dead can do anything. Crowds go to Bethany every day just to look at him."

So the people talked in the streets, and so the priests and Pharisees talked in the house of Caiaphas. Jesus alone knew what would be done during those next six days. He thought of the pain, of the scourging and the crucifying, of the sorrow of leaving the men who had given up home and friends for the love of him, of their grief when they knew that he had left them. He thought of the little family at Bethany. They loved him more than most of his own kindred. He could

not leave the earth without one peaceful day with them and his followers, and the Friday before the Passover, while the crowds were going up to Jerusalem, he turned aside and went with his disciples to Bethany, to Martha and Mary and Lazarus.

Saturday was the Jewish Sabbath, and the Jews were forbidden to travel on that day, so the household and the disciples were alone for a little time of quiet. They talked together as they had been used to do, and everything seemed as joyful as it had always been when Jesus came; and yet there was a difference. The family at Bethany had never thought anything about his becoming an earthly king, they had never asked him what kind of kingdom he would have, or who would be the chief rulers in it. They loved him, and they were happy when he was with them. He had not told them, as he had told his disciples, that he was soon to die, and yet on that Sabbath, joyful as it was, they could not help feeling that some change was coming. He had a long talk alone with Lazarus at the end of the garden where the tomb was cut into the rock. He was as gentle and tender in his manner to them as ever, and was ready to listen to little

stories of their every-day life; but sometimes when there was a moment's pause, they noticed that he seemed to be thinking of something a long way off. More than once they saw his eyes turned toward the path that went out from under the palm trees of Bethany and wound about the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem. They did not venture to question him; they only tried more than ever to serve him in every way that they could.

When sunset came, the Sabbath was ended. A feast was given for Jesus, and as he sat at table, people went into the house and out of it, as was the custom at feasts. There were not only the villagers, but crowds from Jerusalem, for when they had heard where Jesus was, they went in great companies to see him, to hear him speak, to have something to tell their friends about him. Many others went only to gaze upon Lazarus, to see how a man looked who had been raised from the dead, to listen to every word that he spoke, for he might be telling what he had seen and heard when he was with those who had died.

Mary sat a little apart. She had not spoken to Jesus that day as much as the others had, but she had sat listening to him as if she could

not bear to lose a single word that he spoke. Now, as the feast went on, she did not seem to heed the crowds that were coming and going; she saw no one but Jesus, and she thought of nothing but what she could do for him. She had a beautiful alabaster flask full of a precious perfume brought from the far-away lands of the East. She broke the seal and poured the perfume upon his head, then upon his feet, and wiped his feet with her hair. The disciples were surprised that Jesus did not stop her. "It is only a little while ago," they whispered, "that he talked about using money for the kingdom of God, to help the poor;" and Judas said, "That perfume might have been sold for three hundred pence." He added, "It could have been given to the poor," but he looked at the bag in which was kept the money for their every-day expenses, and which he carried. Jesus said, "Do not pain her by saying such things. The poor will be always with you, but I shall not be. We pour perfume upon the dead, and she has poured this perfume upon me to prepare me for my burial. She has done for me all that she could do, and wherever in the world my gospel shall be preached, this deed

of hers shall be told, and she shall be honored."

Jesus stayed in Bethany one more night. The next day was Sunday, and he let it be known that in the afternoon he meant to go up to Jerusalem. The news was soon carried to the city, and the crowds that had thronged there for the Passover were half wild with excitement. "He will come riding on a fiery war-horse, and leading an army with trumpets and banners! He will strike down at a word the Roman soldiers, and even the Jews who have refused to honor him!" This was what many of the people thought. The council were puzzled. If he really was to be a great ruler, their only hope of escaping his anger would be to fall at his feet and beg him to pardon them; if he was not the Christ, they must take him captive, and the sooner the better; but with the city full of crowds who seemed to talk of nothing but the Galilean rabbi, they really dared not attempt to seize him. They could only wait a little to see what would happen. The Roman soldiers were interested. If the stories were true, this man could cure leprosy or make a dead man live by a word; why then could he not

by a word bring disease upon them or destroy even the mighty legions of Rome? They were silent, but they watched and waited, and many of them feared.

The time came, and Jesus and his disciples set out for Jerusalem. They went up the hill from Bethany, around the slope of the Mount of Olives, near to the little village of Bethphage, which was almost a part of the Holy City. "Go into the village," said Jesus to two of his disciples, "and you will see an ass tied at one of the doors. With her is a colt on which no one ever sat. Untie them and lead them to me." The two men looked at each other, then at him. "If any one asks why you are untying them, answer, 'The Lord needs them,' and he will give them to you willingly."

This came to pass as Jesus had said. The two disciples went into Bethphage and found the ass with the colt by her side. The owner asked, "Why are you untying them?" The disciples answered, "Because the Lord needs them," and the owner gave them willingly. When they came back, Jesus was sitting in the shade of a fig tree waiting for them. He seated himself on the back of the colt, and with

his disciples walking beside him went slowly toward Jerusalem. With the Jews the horse was the emblem of war, but the ass was the emblem of peace. Many great men among the Jews, prophets and kings, had ridden on the ass, and it seemed to the multitudes that had come out to meet Jesus as if now, at last, their king, their Christ, had come. To show him honor, they threw their outer garments down in the road that he might ride over them, they cut branches from the trees, and great spreading leaves of the palm, and laid them in his way, and they cried aloud in their joy, "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Some of the Pharisees had come out with the multitude, and they tried to stop the shouting. They even said to Jesus, "This noise is not fitting. Cannot you stop those disciples of yours?" Jesus answered, "If they should be silent, the very stones would cry out." Then the Pharisees said to one another, "We cannot do anything now. The whole world has gone wild over him."

At a sudden turn of the road a grand view of the Holy City was spread out before the

JERUSALEM FROM MOUNT OF OLIVES

eyes of the multitude. It stood on the hills, with deep green valleys around it, and beyond the valleys were the rocky sides of the lofty mountains. A high stone wall surrounded the city. There were watchtowers and palaces and trees and gardens, and on the hill rose the Temple, gleaming and glittering in the blaze of the sunshine. "The city of God!" cried the multitude. "The Christ is come! Jerusalem shall be free! Hosanna to the son of David!"

What did Jesus do? If he had said, "Form yourselves into line; go forward into the city, and bring together all who wish to be great in my kingdom; go to every village around Jerusalem, send messengers to every town of Judea and Galilee, and even Perea, and say, 'The Christ is come; fight under the banner of the Christ; here is a leader who can destroy his enemies at a word!'" —if Jesus had said this, then there would have been such a revolt against Roman power as Rome had never known; but this strange Christ, who might so easily have been king, spoke no such word. He looked and looked at the city as if it was the face of one whom he loved. "O Jerusalem," he said, "if you

had only known what would have given you peace! The time will soon come when your enemies will throw up fortifications against you and destroy you. There will not be one stone left standing upon another. O my city, Jerusalem, if you had only known! If you would only have listened!" and while the multitudes were shouting Hosanna! Jesus was weeping.

He rode on into Jerusalem. Still the crowds shouted, and the people who lived in the city thronged the doors and windows and the flat roofs of the houses and cried, "Who is it? Why do you shout Hosanna?" and the crowds called back, "Hosanna, hosanna! This is Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus from Galilee, Jesus the Son of David! Hosanna! hosanna!"

At the gate of the Temple the crowd fell back. No one might enter with feet not cleansed from the dust of the road. Jesus had ridden, and therefore he need not wait for purifying. He walked into the Temple. He went from court to court; he looked at the curtains embroidered with purple and scarlet and gold, at the golden vine that hung over the door, at the mosaic, the tapestry, the plates of gold. The silver gleamed, the precious

stones flashed and glowed. It was his Father's house. Jesus looked about it once more. Then he went slowly away. It was sunset, and he and his disciples walked back over the hills to spend the night in Bethany.

The Boys sing Praises

XIX

THE BOYS SING PRAISES

MONDAY morning Jesus started to go back to Jerusalem. Not far from Bethany a fig tree stood by the roadside. It was not yet time for the new figs, but this tree was covered with strong, fresh leaves, and therefore the disciples expected to find on it some of the fruit of the year before; but when they came to it, not a fig was to be seen. The tree had borne no fruit, and its green leaves were only a deception, for they made people think that it was doing its work. "That is like people who pretend to be good, but are not," thought Jesus, and he said to the tree as if it were a person, "There shall never be any fruit on you."

When they were come into the city, Jesus went again to the Temple. For a time after he drove out the money-changers and those who bought and sold, the priests had had strict

rules against doing any such things within the gates, but little by little the business had become as bad as before ; and people who were going across the city had made a path for themselves through the Temple courts, so that they might shorten their walk. A second time Jesus cleansed his Father's house, driving out those who bought and sold, and overthrowing the tables of the money-changers. "Did not the prophet say," he cried, "that the house of God should be called a house of prayer? You have again made it a den of robbers." Then when the Temple had been cleansed, the lame, the blind, and the suffering went to him in throngs, and he cured them.

He had gone into the Temple so quietly, and so much as if it was his rightful place, that the chief priests and Pharisees did not know what to think. They did not dare try to take him prisoner, for the people crowded about him and seemed to hang upon his words ; and, too, it was so bold a deed for him to enter the Temple, or even the city, that they were puzzled, and thought that he must have a great force somewhere. Perhaps even then men were gathering in different parts of the land,

and when he gave the signal they would rush forward and join the multitudes already in Jerusalem, and make him their king. There was one thing, however, that the chief priests and Pharisees, half afraid as they were, could not bear in silence. The boys who sang in the service of the Temple had seen all that was done. Some of them had gone out on the way to Bethany to meet the great rabbi who loved children; and now when the blind and the lame that he cured threw away their staves and crutches, and cried, "Praise God! Hosanna to the Son of David!" these boys, too, cried joyfully, "The Messiah is come! Hosanna! hosanna to the Son of David!" Then the priests were indeed angry, and they said to Jesus, "Do you hear that? Do you hear what these boys are crying?" Jesus replied, "I do. Have you never heard that God loves best the praise that children give him?" Jesus said no more to them. He went on healing the sick and teaching until the evening had come. Then he went out to the Mount of Olives with his disciples, while the chief priests and scribes met together to plan how they might put him to death.

Tuesday morning Jesus and his disciples

went again to Jerusalem, and as they passed by the fig tree they cried, "See, Master, the fig tree is withered away." "Yes," said Jesus, "and if you only have faith, you can do what I have done to the fig tree, and even much greater things. Only believe, only have faith in God, and he will give you what you ask of him. He will forgive you if you have done wrong, but before you ask him for his forgiveness, you must first forgive whoever has done you a wrong."

Then Jesus and the disciples went up into the Temple. Crowds of people were waiting, for they knew that he would come there, and they were eager to hear him. He was beginning to speak to them when the chief priests and the elders, or men who represented the people in the council, came to him and demanded, "Who gave you a right to teach in the Temple? In whose school did you study? When did the teachers of the law examine you and say that you might teach the people?" They thought they had asked some very shrewd questions, for they knew Jesus had never studied in any school of the rabbis, and they thought he would say, "My Father sent me." Then they would have said, "You are

a blasphemer, for you have declared that you are equal with God." They felt much pleased with themselves to think that now they had a question which the rabbi could not answer without his own words giving them a reason for accusing him.

Jesus looked at them a moment, and then said, "I will tell you, if you will first answer me one question: Was the baptism of John from heaven or from men?" The priests and elders were more puzzled than ever. "What shall we say?" they asked one another. "If we say, 'From men,' here are thousands of people who call John a prophet, and they will stone us. If we answer, 'From heaven,' then the rabbi will say, 'John bore witness to me. If he came from heaven, why did you not believe him?" They did not dare to give either answer, and they muttered, "We cannot tell whether John's baptism was from heaven or from men." Then said Jesus, "Neither shall I tell you who sent me to teach."

The priests did not venture to ask him any more questions, and he went on with his teaching, but he did not wish to leave even his enemies without one more warning. "What do you think of this parable?" he asked. "There

was once a man who had two sons. He said to the older, 'My son, go and work to-day in my vineyard.' 'I will not,' the son answered, but soon he was sorry that he had refused his father, and he went to the vineyard. When the father asked the second son, he replied, 'Yes, father, I will go,' but he did not go. Which of these two obeyed his father?" "The first," answered the priests, without stopping a moment to think what the meaning of the parable was. Then said Jesus, "When John came, many people who had not been good listened to him, were sorry for their sins, and began to obey God's commands; but you said to yourselves, 'We fast, and we make long prayers; we are good enough already;' and you did not obey God's commands. I tell you that the publicans and these whom you call the wicked are going into the kingdom of heaven before you."

The priests and the elders could not think of any reply to make. They did not wish to have Jesus ask them any more questions, for the people were listening and seeing that he had the better of them; but if they went away, the people would think they were afraid of what he might say to them; so they stayed,

though they felt very uncomfortable. Jesus hoped they would feel so badly that they would be sorry for pretending to be good instead of really trying to please God, and he said, "Hear another parable: A man once planted a vineyard and built a hedge about it, and dug a pit where the juice could be pressed out of the grapes, and built a tower so that watchmen could see if thieves were coming. After it was all in order, he engaged some men to care for it, and went into a distant land. When it was time for the grapes to be ripe, he sent a servant to the vineyard for the fruit. The men meant to keep the fruit for themselves, so they beat the servant, and cried, 'Go back to your lord.' The lord sent another, and the men wounded him. The lord sent a third, and after him many more, but the wicked men beat some of them and killed others. At last the lord declared, 'I will send no more servants. I will send my own beloved son, for they will respect him and obey him.' 'The son of the lord is coming,' called the guard in the watch-tower. 'Good!' cried the wicked men. 'He is the heir. We will kill him, and then the vineyard will be ours.' So when the son came into the vineyard and said, 'This is

my father's vineyard, and I am come for his harvest,' they drove him out and killed him."

The chief priests and the Pharisees could not help knowing that this parable meant that they were the wicked men; that the servants who were sent for the harvest were the prophets and John the baptizer; and that the beloved son was Jesus himself. Jesus was grieved to think how much even these people who were his enemies and were planning how to kill him would have to suffer, and he asked very sadly, "When the lord of the vineyard comes, what will he do?" There was no reply, and he answered the question himself. "He will destroy those men, and will give his vineyard into the hands of others." Even the chief priests and the Pharisees were frightened for a moment and cried, "God forbid!" Then Jesus asked, "Have you never read in the Scriptures that the stone which the builders called worthless was made the corner-stone of the building?" They knew his meaning was that he was the corner-stone and the kingdom of God was the building. The priests were more angry than ever, for they saw that the people, too, understood what he meant, but they did not dare to

seize him, for the people believed that he was a prophet.

Jesus spoke one more parable to the chief priests and the Pharisees, not angrily, but very sadly, for he saw that, no matter how much he tried to make them sorry they were not doing right, they would not give up their own way. This was the parable: "There was once a king who made a great wedding feast for his son. He invited many guests, and when the time came, he sent out his servants to say to them, 'Come, for the feast is ready.' Those who were invited said to themselves, 'We do not wish to go to this feast. It will not be half as fine as the king promises;' so they told the servant that they would not come. The king had made a feast of such good things as they had never seen, and he did not wish them to lose it, so he sent out other servants to say, 'The oxen and the lambs are killed. Everything is ready. Come to my feast!' Some of those who were invited only laughed, and went on with what they were doing, one buying and selling and another managing his farm; but some of them were angry and cried, 'Shall we never be free from that feast? Why does he not let us alone?'

and because they could not harm the king, they attacked his servants and beat them and killed them. Then the king sent his armies and burned the homes of those men. He said to his servants, 'Those who were invited were not worthy. Now go to the cross-roads where many people pass and bring in all that go by, even those whom the invited guests would have called sinners.' The servants obeyed, and the house was soon full of people who were glad and grateful to the king for his kindness. The king went about among his guests to welcome them and please them. He had known that they would not have garments proper to wear to a wedding feast, and so he had left beautiful robes for them at the door, that each one might be fit to come into his presence. All the guests except one were delighted to wear them, but this one thought, 'My clothes are good enough for me, and I will not put on others even for the king.' When the king saw him, he asked, 'My friend, how is it that you have come in to stand before me in clothes that are stained and soiled with the dust of the road?' The man hung his head and was silent. 'You have slighted my kindness,' said the king. 'I gave you a robe, but you

chose to wear your own. You have insulted me by coming before me in such a garment, and you must be punished.' He ordered his servants, 'Bind him hand and foot. Take him out of the feasting-hall with the music and the lights, and cast him into the darkness of the street.'" Then said Jesus, "Many guests have indeed been invited to the kingdom of heaven, but only those who have obeyed God will be chosen to enter it."

While Jesus was telling these parables, his enemies were still planning to make him say something for which they could seize him. The priests and Pharisees had not been able to get the better of him, and now they asked the Herodians to help them. The Herodians were men who paid no attention to the laws of Moses, but followed Roman customs and were anxious to stand well with the Roman emperor. The Pharisees persuaded some of these men to go to Jesus with a group of young pupils of the Pharisees, as if they had been discussing a hard question and would decide it by what he might say. These pupils pretended to be very eager to do just what was right, and as they stood before Jesus they said, "Master, we know that you are a good

man, and that all you care for is to teach men what is pleasing to God. Will you tell us what we ought to do about paying taxes to the emperor? Ought we who are Jews to pay tribute money to a heathen?" The Jews were obliged to pay these taxes, but if Jesus had answered "Yes" to the question, they would have said that he was not a patriot, that he cared nothing for his nation. If he had answered "No," then the Herodians would have called him a traitor, and the Roman soldiers would have seized him. He saw in an instant what they were trying to do, and he replied, "You are not honest men, you are hypocrites. Look at this penny. Whose head and whose name are on it?" They answered, "Cæsar's." Then said Jesus, "Give to Cæsar what belongs to him, but see that you also give to God all that is his." The crowds of people were listening, and neither the Herodians nor the pupils of the Pharisees dared to try to argue with Jesus, so they went away.

The chief priests, or Sadducees, now came with a question which they were sure he could not answer. They began politely, "Master, will you tell us this? You know that Moses made a law that if a man died and left no

JESUS AND THE TRIBUTE MONEY

child, his brother should marry the widow, and if they had a son, he should carry on the first husband's name and should inherit his property as if he had been the first husband's child?" The Sadducees thought the best way to keep the multitude from believing in Jesus was to make them laugh at him, so they said, "Now, Master, there were seven brothers. A woman married the first, and he died leaving no son; then she married the second, and so on till she had been the wife of all. In the resurrection, whose wife will she be?" The Sadducees did not believe there would ever be any resurrection, and so Jesus passed over the idle question lightly, saying only, "Matters in heaven will not be as they are on earth;" but he talked to them seriously about the resurrection. "You have repeated what Moses wrote," he said, "but even Moses showed you that the dead will rise again, for Moses wrote that when God appeared to him in the burning bush, he said, 'I am the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob.' Now he is not the God of dead bodies, but of living people, and therefore Abraham and Isaac and Jacob are alive, and there is a resurrection." There stood the Sadducees, who were the chief

among the priests, and who claimed that they knew the Scriptures better than any one else; and Jesus had shown before the people that they did not understand the Holy Writings at all! It is no wonder that some of the scribes burst out with, "Rabbi, that is well done."

The Sadducees would not risk another question, but some of the Pharisees who were together in a group sent one of their number to ask, "Which is the most important commandment in the law?" As he used the word "law," he meant by it not only the Ten Commandments, but all the little rules of the ceremonial law. This lawyer was a Pharisee, but he really wished to know what the rabbi would say. Jesus answered, "There are two. The first is, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.' The second is, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'" The lawyer looked at him earnestly and said, "Rabbi, you have said what is true. To love God is more than burnt offerings and sacrifices." This was a very brave speech to make when all the Pharisees were listening and watching him, and Jesus knew it. He looked at him as kindly as he had looked at the

young ruler and said, "You are not far from the kingdom of God."

The Pharisees had asked many questions to try to catch Jesus and had failed. He wished to make the people see even more clearly that the Pharisees were not good leaders, and that when they declared they could tell what the Scriptures meant, they must not be trusted, so he asked them, "Whose son is the Christ?" They answered promptly, "The son of David." Then said Jesus, "But in the Psalms David calls him 'Lord.' How does it come about that a man calls his son 'Lord'?" The Pharisees could not answer, for if they had said that David called Christ "Lord" because he was the Son of God, Jesus would have replied, "Then the kingdom of Christ is not an earthly kingdom, and your teachings are wrong." They were silent, and after this no one ventured to try to catch him with questions.

There was little hope that many of the Pharisees would repent, but Jesus was anxious that the people should not follow them, so he now told plainly what the scribes and the Pharisees did that was wrong. He said, "They are priests and have authority, there-

fore obey their decisions, but do not make your lives like theirs. They like to wear long robes and broad phylacteries, so that men may know them a long way off. They like to sit in the chief seats at feasts and in the highest places in the synagogues. They like to have men bow down before them seven times in the marketplace, and to be spoken to as 'Teacher.' Do not let any one of you claim to be the teacher, or leader of the people, or master, for I am your teacher and leader and master. Do not try to have men honor you. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled; and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted. Let the one who wishes to be really the greatest try to serve others most."

Then he spoke these words directly to the scribes and Pharisees: "Woe unto you, for you do not enter the kingdom of heaven yourselves, and you keep other men out. You call for a tax on every herb of the garden, but you pay no regard to the great matters of the law, justice and mercy and faith. You purify the outside of the cup and the platter, but they are foul within. You are like tombs, which are fair and white on the outside, while within they are full of dead men's

bones; for you appear righteous, but your hearts are full of evil thoughts and wishes. You say, 'If we had been alive in the olden times, we should not have slain the prophets, as our fathers did;' but you are in heart just like your fathers. You will slay me, and when those come among you whom I shall send to teach you, you will drive them from city to city, or scourge them or kill them. Men like you are to blame for all the wickedness and murder that there has been on the earth." Then Jesus thought of Jerusalem, the city that he loved. He looked out upon it from between the great pillars of the Temple and cried, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

Farewell to the Temple

XX

FAREWELL TO THE TEMPLE

Jesus was about to leave the Temple, and he had loved it for so many years that it was very hard for him to say farewell. He went down the steps from where he had been speaking to the great open space called the Women's Court, and there he sat down to rest and to look about the building for the last time. In this court were thirteen great chests shaped like trumpets. These were called the treasury, for into them people dropped their gifts. Jesus watched the stream of givers go up to the chests, put in their money, and then pass on. He saw that many of those who gave large sums held the coins so that the bystanders could see how many there were and could hear them jingle as they fell. After a while a poor widow came up timidly and dropped in two mites, the smallest coins that were used. Jesus called his disciples and told them what

he had seen. "This poor woman has really given more than all the rest," he declared, "for they gave what they would never miss, but she gave the money that was to have bought her food."

Jesus had risen to leave the Temple when Philip and Andrew came to him and said, "Master, there are some Greeks outside who wish to see you." These Greeks were men who believed in God and had come up to Jerusalem to keep the Passover. Just what they asked of Jesus no one knows, but we do know that their coming made him very happy, for after the long, hard day with his enemies, he was glad to meet these friends from another land, and to see that his Gospel was beginning to be known among those whose homes were far away. They must have lingered to hear him speak, for once more he spoke to the multitude. "The time is come," he said, "when I shall be glorified. You know that if a grain of wheat is in the light, it does not grow and produce other grains; while if it is put into the dark earth, it seems to die, but it is really only producing much fruit. So it is with people, for if a man loves his life more than he loves me, it will be worthless;

but if he loves me so much that he is willing to give up his life for my sake, then he will live forever, for my Father will honor any one who serves me."

Then Jesus thought of the death that he was so soon to die. He loved to be with his friends. He loved the trees and the birds and the mountains, the feasts and rejoicings, the strong men and the little children. He remembered that he should soon leave them. He thought of what he was about to suffer, and for a moment he forgot the crowd around him. "O my Father," he cried, "I am in sorrow. I cannot pray, 'Save me from the suffering that is to come upon me,' for this is why I am here. Father, glorify thy name." The people all around were so still that one could almost hear them breathe, and as Jesus stood with his eyes turned up to heaven, a sound that they had never heard before echoed through the sky. They looked at one another. "What was it?" they whispered. "It was like thunder," declared some, but others said, "See his face! An angel has spoken to him." The voice out of heaven had answered Jesus' prayer, for it had said, "I have glorified my name, and I will glorify it again."

Then Jesus said to the people, "This voice has come for your sake." He told them about his death. He said, "If I am lifted up, all men will become my followers." "Lifted up" meant "crucified," because the one who was to die on the cross was first fastened to it and then raised, and the multitude cried, "But the Christ will live forever. What do you mean by saying that he will be crucified?" Jesus answered only, "The light will be with you but a little while. Believe in it so that you may become children of the light."

John said long afterwards that many of the rulers were convinced that Jesus was the Christ, but did not dare to say so for fear the Pharisees would put them "out of the synagogue." Some of these rulers must have followed Jesus as he went slowly toward the outer gate of the Temple, and he could not leave them without trying once more to persuade them to be brave and true. "Believing in me," he said, "is the same as believing in my Father. I am come into the world only as a light to show the way to the Father. I am not here to judge the world. Even if one who hears me has no faith in my words, I do not judge him; I say only what my

Father has told me to say, and he will be the judge."

Then Jesus went out from the Temple for the last time, and as he was going down the hill, one of the disciples said, "See, Master, how beautiful the Temple is! What magnificent buildings! See the great blocks of red and white marble!" "But the day will come," replied Jesus, "when every one of these shall be torn from its place. Not one stone will be left on another." The disciples could not understand. They could not believe he meant exactly what he said, and so they thought his words must be a sort of parable. They talked of them as they left the city, and when they were resting on the Mount of Olives, Peter and James and John and Andrew came to him a little apart from the others and asked, "Master, will you not tell us when these things will be? How shall we know when they are coming to pass, when your rule will begin, and the end of the world will come?" They were beginning to understand that Jesus must die, but he had said that he should rise again, and that Elijah, whose coming was to be before the resurrection, had already come, for John the baptizer was the Elijah of the time. They could not

think that the Temple would be destroyed before the end of the world. They were confused and puzzled. When Jesus answered them, they could not understand him, for he talked to them about his own resurrection and about the end of the world, and they could not tell which of his words referred to one and which to the other.

Jesus cared much more about their being faithful and brave than about their understanding when the end of the world was coming, and he told them, as he had told them more than once before, how much they would have to suffer, that they would be hated and scourged and put to death. He warned them, "Many will come in my name and say, 'Listen to me, for I am the Christ,' but be careful that none of these lead you to do anything different from what I have taught you." He spoke also of the ruin that was to come to Jerusalem. "When you see armies round about the city," he said, "then you will know that it is soon to be overthrown. The Jews will be put to death or taken captive, and there will be such suffering as there has never been in the world."

Before forty years had gone, these sayings

of Jesus about the destruction of Jerusalem all came to pass, but to the disciples they seemed as impossible and as mysterious as what he told them about the end of the world. "Before that comes," he said, "there will be terrible earthquakes and famines and sickness. Strange sights will be seen in the heavens, for the sun and the moon will give no light, and the stars will fall from their places. Then I shall come with power and glory. There will be the sound of a trumpet, and men will fear and tremble; but those who love me need not fear, for the angels will gather them together from wherever they may be, and the time of their rejoicing will be near. No one but my Father knows when that time will be. Just as it was in the days of Noah, when no one believed that there would be a flood until it came and swept them away, so no one will be expecting the last day to come. Watch, therefore, and be ready every day. If the master of a house wishes to be safe from thieves, he must guard his house all the time: so if you wish to be ready for my coming, you must be always ready. Be like a good servant who obeys his master's orders and is ready for his coming, for he will be rewarded. Do not

be like an unfaithful servant who says to himself, 'My master is away a long time, perhaps he will never come,' and begins to drink and to beat and abuse those who are under him. I will tell you what the coming of the kingdom is like. There were once ten young girls who were going out with the bride to meet the bridegroom. Their torches were burning brightly, and they sang and danced as they went along the way. It chanced that the bridegroom was late, and they did not know when he would come, so they went into a house to rest, and after a while they fell asleep. At midnight they heard a cry, 'The bridegroom is coming! Come out quickly to meet him!' and they all trimmed their torches and started to run out of the door. Now five of these young girls had been wise and had brought oil with them, because they did not know how long they might have to wait; but five were so foolish that they had brought only the oil that was in their torches, and the bridegroom had delayed so long that their torches had gone out. 'Give us some of your oil,' they begged of the five that were wise; but the five said, 'We must not, for we have not enough for both you and ourselves, and we cannot leave the bride

in the dark road without a light. Go to those who sell oil and buy some.' While the five had gone to buy oil, the bridegroom came. Those whose torches were burning went in to the feast, and the door was shut. The other young girls came later, and they called to the bridegroom, 'Sir, sir, open the door to us;' but he said, 'The maidens who came with my bride are already here. I do not know who you are.' So it will be," said Jesus, "with men who are watching for my coming. Those who are ready for me and who wait patiently will share in my kingdom; but those who are not true to me will have no part in it."

Jesus told them again the parable of the ten servants to whom their lord gave money to use for him while he was away on a journey. Then he said, "When I come, those who have been true to me and have tried to do what I would have done in their places will be put on my right hand; but those who have not will be put on my left. I shall separate them as a shepherd would separate sheep and goats. Then I shall say to those on my right, 'Come into the kingdom that was made ready for you when the world began; for you gave me meat when I was hungry and drink when

I was thirsty; you took me into your houses; you gave me clothes; and when I was sick and in prison, you came to visit me.' They will be surprised and will ask: 'But, Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? When did we take you into our houses or give you clothes, and when did we see you sick or in prison and come to visit you?' "

Then Jesus looked tenderly upon his disciples and said, "I shall say to them, 'Whenever you have been kind to even the least of my disciples, you have been kind to me, your king.' But to those who are on my left I shall say, 'I was hungry, and you gave me no food; I was thirsty, and you gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and you would not shelter me; I needed clothes, and you would not give them to me; even when I was sick and in prison, you would not visit me.' They will answer, 'Lord, when did we ever see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or in need of clothes or sick or in prison and did not help you?' Then I shall say, 'When you refused to help even the least of my disciples, you refused to help me. There is no place for you in my kingdom.' "

Jesus had told his followers much that they did not understand, but it was clear to them that some time they would be very happy if they were only faithful to their Master. He never forgot, however, that they must be prepared for the grief that would come to them so soon, and therefore he said to them very tenderly, "Children, do not forget that after two days the Passover comes, when I shall be crucified."

While Jesus was talking with his disciples, the council had met in the palace of Caiaphas. The chief priests and elders were there, and they had come together to decide how they could take Jesus and put him to death. "If we do not take him now," said one, "he will leave the city. His followers will hide him, and he will escape." "But there are hundreds of thousands here now who believe in him," objected another. "They would make an uproar and rise up against us. There would be such a riot that the Roman armies would dash down upon our city and trample it under their feet. Our people would be scattered and sold as slaves in distant lands." "But we must not let him escape," declared a third, "and, Caiaphas, it was you yourself who said that one should

die for all." "I did, and I say it again," replied Caiaphas; "but we must act wisely. It is well for one man to die for the nation, but it is not well for the nation to die with him. We will wait till the Passover is ended," and so they all agreed; but they lingered for a long time talking of how a watch might be kept so that Jesus should not leave Jerusalem after the feast, how he might be pursued if he did escape, and what charges they would bring against him.

Before these men were done talking in the palace of Caiaphas, Jesus and all his disciples but one were sleeping in the village of Bethany. That one had slipped away from among them, and was hastening over the path that wound about the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem. Through the city he went, up the street that led to the Temple. He looked back over his shoulder, for he thought he heard some one stealing up behind him, but there was no one. At the gate of the Temple he was stopped by the guard. "Who are you?" they called. "Judas," he answered, in a voice that trembled and sounded strange even to himself. "Who is Judas? Here 's Judas," said the guards to each other with a jeering laugh. "Did you

ever hear of Judas?" "I want to see Caiaphas," said Judas. "So do the council," said the guards scoffingly. "Do you belong to the council?" Suddenly Judas turned upon them. "Call the captain of the guard," he said, "and if you refuse, you will repent." The two soldiers whispered together for a moment. This man might have a message; they would call the captain.

When the captain came, he took Judas to an inner room, and there he heard his errand. "Come with me," he whispered, and he led him to the palace of Caiaphas and to the room in which the council were still assembled; but the captain held his robe closely wrapped about him, lest even its hem should touch the garment of a traitor.

When Judas came away from the palace of Caiaphas, he had promised the council that he would arrange to give up Jesus to them at some time when he was apart from the multitude and could be taken without any uproar among the people. Then Judas went quickly back over the hills to Bethany, and lay down in his bed, clutching the bosom of his garment, for there lay thirty pieces of silver, the reward that the council had given him for his

treachery, and he was afraid that their clinking would awaken the Master whom he had promised to betray.

No one knows why Judas did such a deed. Thirty pieces of silver was a large sum to him, and he may have made himself a traitor only for the money. All the disciples expected Jesus to sit upon a throne and give them power and wealth, but the other eleven had learned to love him so much that they cared far more for him than for any riches. Judas never did love him, or he would not have thought that the perfume which Mary poured upon his head and feet was wasted; and when he found that following Jesus would bring him only scorn and danger instead of power, perhaps he thought himself very keen and shrewd to get some money from the priests and also make sure that they would not persecute him. He knew that Jesus had power to place himself upon a throne, if he chose, and perhaps he thought that if his Master was really taken prisoner, and was in danger of being put to death, he would show his power and would conquer the world. Whatever the reason was, Judas did the wicked deed.

The Passover
Supper

XXI

THE PASSOVER SUPPER

We do not know what Jesus did during the Wednesday of that last sad week, but he probably stayed in Bethany with his disciples, his dear friends at the house of Lazarus, and his mother.

Thursday morning the disciples asked their Master, "Where shall we eat the Passover supper? In Bethany?" Even the rabbis called Bethany a part of Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, and the disciples hoped Jesus would be satisfied to remain in the village, where there was so much less danger. But he answered, "No, go up to Jerusalem, and as you enter the city, you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Follow him, and when he goes into a house go after him and say to the master of the house, 'The Teacher wishes us to tell you that his time is near, and he would like to eat the Passover supper in

your guest room with his disciples.' He will show you a large upper room with table and couches, and there we will eat the supper."

Peter and John went to Jerusalem, and all things came to pass as Jesus had said. The lamb had been bought four days earlier, as the law required, and soon after the hour of noon the two men carried it to the Temple, for it must be killed within the Temple. The blood was poured out at the foot of the altar, the fat and some of the inward parts were given to the priests to burn on the altar as an offering to God. Then Peter and John left the Temple, carrying the body of the lamb. "Passover ovens," made of clay and of a peculiar shape, were for sale in many places in the city. They bought one of these and set it up on the ground over a fire. In it they put the lamb to roast for the supper. It was a busy day, for there were other things needed for the meal,— unleavened bread made into dry, thin cakes, wine, oil, salt, vinegar, figs, dates, spices, almonds, and bitter herbs, such as chicory, wild lettuce, or nettles.

When sunset came, all Jerusalem listened for the blast of trumpets to tell that Friday, the day of the Passover, had come. Then

JESUS BIDDING HIS MOTHER FAREWELL

the whole city watched for the coming of the stars, for as soon as they began to shine, the meal might be eaten.

Jesus and his disciples went to the room where they were to keep the feast. Everything was ready. There stood the table and the three couches around it. Jesus was in the place of honor. Next him was John, a disciple whom he loved especially. They wore holiday clothes, for it was commanded that at Passover time people should be merry and glad. When all were in their places, Jesus looked around the table and said, "I have longed to eat this Passover with you, for it is the last time that I shall eat it until its meaning is made clear in the kingdom of God." Then he rose, and without a word of explanation he poured water into a basin, took up a towel, and began to wash the feet of Peter; but Peter said, "Master, what is this?" and he drew back his feet. "I will tell you after a while," said Jesus. "You shall never wash my feet," exclaimed Peter. "Then you will have no share with me," answered Jesus, and Peter cried, "O Master, then wash my feet and my hands and my head." Jesus looked kindly at him and said, "No, Peter, he who

has been bathed is clean and needs only to wash the dust of the road from his feet. You, my disciples, are clean, — and yet, not every one," he added sadly. No one ventured to object after this, and Jesus went from one to another, bathed their feet, and wiped them with the towel. There was not a sound in the room as they looked at him to see what he would do. He took his place again on the couch and said, "Do you understand what I have done?" They looked puzzled, and even Peter had not a word to say. Jesus went on, "You call me 'Lord' and 'Master,' and you are right, for so I am. Then if I, your Lord and Master, have taken the place of the humblest slave and have washed your feet, you must not be unwilling to serve one another as meekly as I have served you. A servant is not greater than his master. Let him who wishes to be greatest serve most."

The disciples felt much ashamed, for even in taking their seats at the table some of them had tried to make sure of the higher places. They looked down on the floor and were very sorry. Jesus saw that they were sorry, and he spoke to them tenderly, for this was the last time that they would eat together before he

THE CŒNACULUM

SAID TO BE THE HOUSE OF THE LAST SUPPER

was crucified, and he could not bear to grieve them. He added, "If you do as I have bidden you, you will be blessed, and you will have honor in my kingdom, for you are the ones that have stayed with me through my trials." Their faces brightened, but there was one thing, harder than anything else, that he must tell them. He looked from one to another and said, "I am speaking of those of you whom I chose, but not of all." Then his voice became so low that they could but just hear his words. All through their lives they remembered how still the room was, how the leaves of the trees outside rustled in the breeze, and how, while they listened so intently that they hardly breathed, Jesus said, "One of you will betray me."

After a moment the men looked at one another. They could not believe it, and yet the Master had said it. He had often puzzled them. They had expected him to sit on a throne, and he had said that his kingdom was in the hearts of those who loved him. They had expected riches and power, and he had told them that they would have poverty and suffering. They had expected to have long years of happiness with him, and he had

said, "After two days I shall be put to death." They had thought nothing could be harder to bear, but now he had told them of something even worse, that one of their own number would be the traitor who would bring him to his death. "There is only one thing beyond the horror of his being betrayed," thought those who loved him, "and that is that I should be the one to betray him," and some of them began to ask him in low tones of fear, "Is it I, Lord?" Jesus answered, "It is one of you who are at the table with me. I must suffer, for so it was prophesied, but it would be better for the one who will betray me if he had never been born." "Is it I?" "Is it I?" others asked, and Peter made a sign to John to ask who it was. John leaned back, and looking up over his shoulder into Jesus' face he whispered, "Lord, who is it?" Jesus could not bear to speak the name of the traitor, and he answered, "It is he to whom I shall give a sop." A "sop" was a piece of the Passover bread dipped into the dish of meat. The one who dipped it would take up a little of the meat on it and give it to some one at the table as a courtesy. Jesus now gave a sop to Judas, and looked into his face as if he

were saying, "Will you not repent even now?" Judas tried to look as if he did not understand, and asked, as the others had done, "Rabbi, is it I?" Jesus answered, "It is." Now either no one at the table except John heard the answer, or else they could hardly, even then, believe that one who had been among them so long would do such a thing; for John declared afterwards that not one of them knew what Jesus meant when, a few minutes later, he turned to Judas and said, "That thou doest, do quickly." They all supposed that, because Judas carried the bag in which the money was kept for their expenses, he had been sent out to buy whatever else they might need for the feast, or perhaps to give something to the poor.

Judas left the table and went from the room. Then Jesus was alone with those who loved him. They went on with the Passover meal. A cup of red wine mixed with water was brought in and given to him. He gave thanks for it, tasted it, and passed it to the others. Then he took a stalk of the bitter herbs and dipped it into a dish filled with dates, raisins, and other fruits, over which vinegar had been poured. He ate a bit of the herb and passed

the stem to the next, and so on until it had gone around the table.

The meal went on much as all these men had seen it every year of their lives, but when every rule that the law required had been obeyed, Jesus took bread, gave God thanks for it, and broke it. He gave it to the disciples saying, "Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me." Then he took a cup of the Passover wine, gave thanks, and said, "This is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many. Drink all ye of it. I shall drink it no more until you are with me in my Father's kingdom."

This was the last opportunity that Jesus would have to talk with his disciples before his death, and he had many things to tell them. "Little children," he began, "I shall soon be glorified, and God will be glorified in me. I shall be with you only a little while. Then I shall go away, and you cannot follow me. You know how much I have always loved you; now I give you my command to love one another just as much, so that men may say of you, 'They are the disciples of Jesus, for they love one another.'" They could not believe that Jesus meant he should die, and

Peter could not help crying out, "Lord, where are you going?" Jesus answered, "I am going where you cannot go now, but you shall follow me later;" and he said to them all, "This night" — for as it was after sunset, Friday had already begun — "this night you shall all doubt me, but after I am raised up, I will go before you into Galilee." Peter cried, "Lord, I will never doubt you." Then said Jesus, "Peter, I have prayed for you that your faith may not fail." "O Master," Peter exclaimed, "why cannot I follow you now? I am ready to go to prison or to death for you." Jesus answered, "But, Peter, this very night, before the cock has crowed twice, you will deny me three times." "Never, Master, never," declared Peter. "I will die with you if need be, but I will not deny you." So declared each one of the eleven.

Jesus talked with them awhile of what they would need when they went out to tell others about his kingdom, but what he wished most to do was to say something that would comfort them when he was gone. "Do not be troubled," he said. "You believe in God, believe also in me and trust me. I am going away from you to make a place ready for you

you I was going away, but I am going to my Father. He is greater than I, and if you love me, you will rejoice with me that I am going to him. I am telling you these things now so that when they come to pass you will remember what I told you and will trust me. Let us go hence."

He spoke so solemnly and tenderly, and every word seemed so much like a farewell, that they could not bear to go from the room. Jesus, too, lingered, and began again to speak to them. "I am the vine," he said, "and you are the branches. I love you as my Father loves me, and I am giving my life for you. There is no greater way of showing love for a friend than to give one's life for him, and you are my friends, not my servants. See to it, then, that you love one another as I have loved you."

They had been so slow to understand, he was afraid even now that they would lose their faith in him when they knew he was dead, and he told them again what trouble and suffering and persecution they would have to meet. "It is true," he said, "that in a little while you will not see me; but again after a little while you will see me." The disciples

whispered to one another, "What does he mean by saying that we shall not see him after a little while, and that again after a little while we shall see him?"

Jesus saw that they were puzzled, but he knew that no matter how clearly he told them they could not yet understand, so he answered only, "You will weep, and the world will rejoice; but I will come to you again, and then you will rejoice, and your joy will remain. I have talked to you in parables, but then I can tell you about my Father more plainly, for you will understand me better. I will tell you one thing more, and that is that my Father loves you because you have loved me, and he is so ready to give you good gifts that I need not ask him. I come from the Father into the world, and now I shall leave the world and go back to the Father." The disciples fancied then that they understood what he meant, and they said, "Now we understand and we believe that you came from God." Jesus asked, "Do you believe? The time is coming when you will leave me alone; and yet I shall not be alone because my Father is with me. I have told you all these things not to make you troubled, but so that you may trust in me and

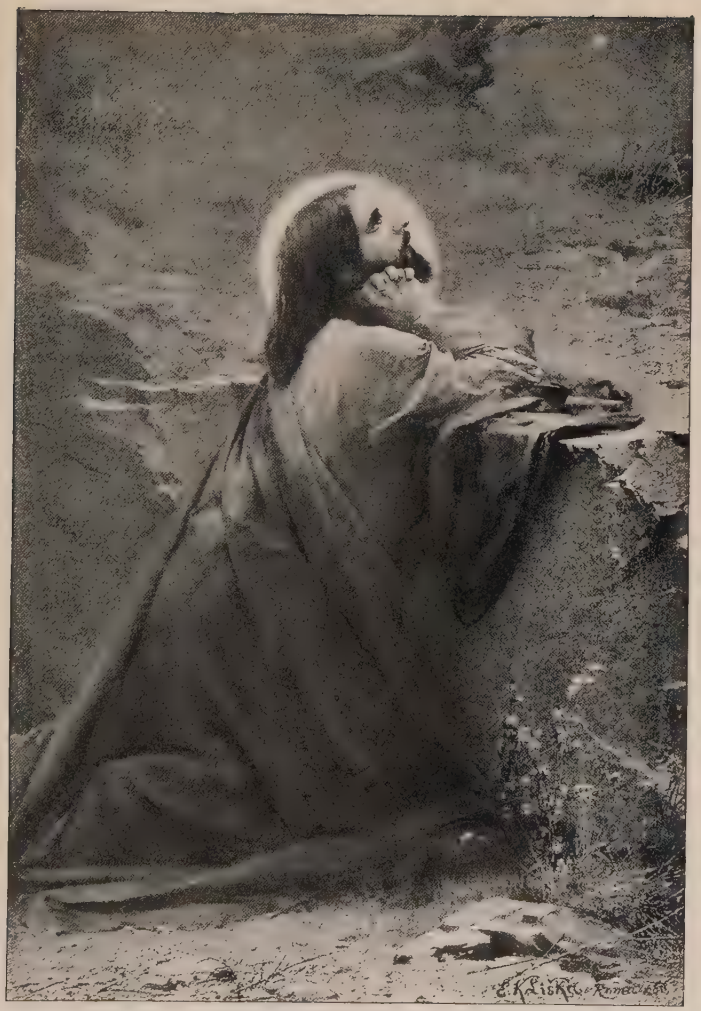
have peace. Do not forget that I said you would have trouble in the world; but be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world."

The disciples had never heard Jesus pray for them, but now he prayed so earnestly and so tenderly that they loved him more than ever, and were sure that they would always be true to him. "Father," he said, "these are my friends, and thou gavest them to me. I have told them what thou hast told me, and they believe that thou hast sent me. I shall not be in the world any more, but they will be here. Keep them so that they will be united as we are. Those who do not believe in thee hate them, yet I do not ask thee to take them out of the world, but only to keep them from evil. I am sending them forth to give the world thy truth just as thou didst send me. They will teach thy truth to others, and I pray for them too, that all who learn of thee may be united and love one another even as we do. And, Father, I wish to have all these who love me stay with me forever, and all those that shall love me, that they may be glad in seeing the glory that thou hast given me. The world did not know thee, but I knew thee, and these my friends knew that

thou didst send me. I have told them of thee, that the love with which thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them."

The disciples and Jesus sang a hymn together, the 116th and 117th Psalms, with part of the 118th. The oldest chanted alone, and at the end of each verse the others responded, "Hallelujah, hallelujah!" The last verse sung was, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and they all cried once more, "Hallelujah, hallelujah!" Then they went out of the quiet chamber into the great city that was so full of happy people. It was nearly midnight, and at midnight the gates of the Temple would be thrown open. It was a glad and merry city. The houses were glowing with candles. They and the full moon were making the narrow streets as bright as day. The people were in their festival clothes, and they were going up by hundreds to the Temple. They all carried food, part of it to give to the priests and the rest to cook in one of the courts. Then they were to sit and feast and talk together and be joyful.

Jesus and his eleven disciples went along the streets, through one of the city gates, down the steep hill, and across the bridge that lay



CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE

over the brook Cedron. Then they went up the gentle slope of the Mount of Olives to an olive orchard called the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus had often gone with his disciples. There were the olive trees with their gnarled and knotted trunks and their low-spreading branches. The moonlight touched the leaves with silver and shone down between them on the soft turf beneath. The city with its noise and merrymaking was far away, but they could see the lights glitter and the marble of the Temple gleam.

When they had gone into the Garden, Jesus said to the disciples, "Sit down here and wait, while I go and pray to my Father." They obeyed him, but as he turned to leave them, the moonlight touched his face. It was so full of suffering that Peter and James and John, the three who were dearest to him, sprang to their feet. They would have called, "Master, let us go with you," but such a look of love and tenderness and even gratitude shone on his face for a moment that they did not need to speak. He made a motion as if they were little children whom he was to lead by the hand, then turned away into the darkness. They followed him, stumbling over

the uneven ground, for their eyes were full of tears. After a little he spoke to them. "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," he said. "Stay here and watch with me." He went a stone's throw away from them, and there he knelt and prayed. Gethsemane was so still that they could hear broken sentences. "My Father, my Father," they heard, "all things are possible unto thee. Let this cup pass away from me." In the gleam of the moonlight, they saw him fall on his face upon the ground, and they heard, "Not what I will, Father, but what thou wilt." Then they heard no more, but they saw the brightness of shining robes, and they knew that an angel from heaven was with him strengthening him. In his agony there was comfort to him in the thought that the three whom he loved best were watching with him, and he went back for one look into their faces; but when he came near to them, he saw that they were asleep. Peter roused first at the sound of his footstep, and Jesus asked sadly, "Peter, could you not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that you may not enter into temptation." Again he went away, and again he came to them. They were asleep, for their sorrow was more than they

could bear. A third time Jesus came, and he said, "Sleep on now and take your rest." He stood looking at them a moment in silence, his eyes full of pity, for he knew how much they would suffer in seeing him suffer. Then he spoke. "The hour is near, and the Son of Man is betrayed into the power of sinners. Arise, and let us be going. He who has betrayed me is at hand."

Crucify Him

XXII

CRUCIFY HIM ! CRUCIFY HIM !

THERE was one man in Jerusalem who had kept no Passover, who had made no offering, and who was not going up to the Temple to join in the gladness of the midnight feasting. When Jesus and the eleven came out of the Passover chamber, he was crouching beside one of the neighboring houses, hidden in the deep shadow of the water jars. As the little company went silently down the street, he followed them, keeping on the dark side of the way, never losing sight of them, but shielding himself behind groups of the merry feasters, so that if the disciples should suddenly turn, he would not be seen. He did not need to fear their looking for him ; they thought of no one but the Master, and they had forgotten for the time that such a man as Judas was ever among them. He followed them down the hill, over the bridge, up the gentle slope that

led to the Garden of Gethsemane. He must make no mistake. To betray the Master was safe, he thought, but to deceive the council would bring some terrible punishment upon him. He crept along in the shadow of the trees at the edge of the Garden, then stopped, listening so intently that he almost shrieked when the wing of a moth brushed his ear. He waited till he heard, "My Father, my Father!" then he slunk away down the hill. On the bridge over the Cedron he paused. Before him was Jerusalem, full of the joy of the Hebrew nation; behind was Gethsemane with the suffering that was for the whole world. But Judas had little thought of that. He had stopped only for a moment's rest before hastening up the hill and through the city to the house of Caiaphas. "Take me to the high priest," he bade. The guards had been told to admit him at whatever hour he came. "Caiaphas," he cried, forgetting the bow of respect that was given to even the lowest official, "Caiaphas, he is in Gethsemane. I have often been there with him. He is there now. Come with me!" "Are you telling me the truth?" demanded Caiaphas, for he could hardly believe that a man would betray his rabbi so willingly.

"I give you the word of a faithful Jew," replied Judas, drawing himself up and looking boldly at the high priest. "A faithful Jew!" muttered Caiaphas. Then he sent for some of the chief priests and elders whom he knew to be in the Temple and said to them, "This man says that the Galilean rabbi is in the Garden of Gethsemane. There will be no difficulty in taking him in that place, will there? The multitude are feasting." "No," answered the councilors. "But we must not have any uproar, even among his disciples," said one, "if it can be helped. How many are there of them?" "Only eleven," cried Judas. "There need be no trouble. I will say, 'Hail, Master,' and kiss him. That will be the sign to you, and you can take him before they find out that you are not people who have followed him there to be cured."

Then a crowd of elders and chief priests and scribes and Pharisees and soldiers set out with swords and clubs and lanterns and torches and went to the Garden of Gethsemane. Some of them hung back a little, for they were afraid that a rabbi who had shown such marvelous power might strike them blind or even kill them. Perhaps there was only one among

them who had no fear, and that was Judas, for he had so often seen Jesus bear cruel, scornful words, and even threats of violence, that he was not afraid of being harmed. He did not love the Master, but he believed that the Master was too kind to injure him. Therefore, when they came to the Garden, he went up to Jesus boldly and said, "Hail, Rabbi," and kissed him. "Judas," asked the Master, "are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?"

The disciples saw the soldiers and weapons, and they gathered around the Master to shield him. At the Passover supper, when he was trying to make them understand that their lives would be hard, he had said that even swords would be needed. He meant bold, strong words, telling of their belief, but Peter thought he meant real swords, and he had brought one with him. Now he cried, "Lord, shall we strike with the sword?" and without waiting for an answer he drew it and cut off the ear of one of Caiaphas's servants. Jesus could not help loving Peter for the brave defense, although it was unwise and useless. "Put up your sword, Peter," he said. "Those who take the sword will perish by the sword.

THE BETRAYAL

Do you think that even now I could not ask my Father and he would send me more than twelve legions of angels? Shall I not drink the cup that my Father has given me?" Jesus stepped out from the little group of his followers; he touched the man's ear and healed it. Then he asked the soldiers and priests, "Whom are you seeking?" They answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he," said Jesus, and he stood before them so calm, so fearless, and so majestic that they drew back, and some of them fell upon their faces before him in fear. Jesus asked again, "Whom are you seeking?" and they stammered, "Jesus of Nazareth." "I told you that I am he," said Jesus. "If you are seeking for me, let these go free. But why are you come out with swords and clubs, as if I were a robber? I sat in the Temple teaching day by day, and you did not take me then." There was no answer that they could make. They seized him and bound him and carried him away, and the disciples fled.

Jesus was taken first to the palace of Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. Caiaphas had been made high priest by the Romans, but Annas had held the office first, and many of the Jews believed that he was the rightful

high priest. He questioned Jesus, "Who are your followers? What have you taught them?" Jesus answered, "I have spoken to every one. I have taught in the synagogues and the Temple, where all the Jews come together. I have done nothing in secret. But why do you ask me? Why not ask those who heard me?" Jesus had emphasized "I," and every one present knew he meant "*I* have worked openly and in the light; *you* came to seek me in secret, and you question me in the darkness." Annas was white with anger, and one of the officers who wished to show his devotion to Annas cried, "Is that the way you answer the high priest?" and struck the prisoner with his hand. Jesus said, "If I have spoken evil, tell me what it is; but if I have spoken well, why do you strike me?" Annas was a shrewd man, but even he could not draw one word from Jesus that would condemn him, and at last he said, "Take him to Caiaphas." So Jesus, still bound, was taken to Caiaphas.

The Jews had very just laws about trying prisoners. The judge was commanded to tell the witnesses to be sure that they testified to everything that would help the prisoner, and

he was to have counsel to make sure that they obeyed. He was to be treated as an innocent man until it was proved that he was guilty. No one could be tried in the night, and if he was proved guilty, he could not be condemned till the day after the trial. This midnight meeting in the house of Caiaphas was of course an examination rather than a trial, but the same laws should have been observed, and they were not. Caiaphas and all the others were eager to put him to death, because if men believed his teachings, they themselves would lose power and money. Caiaphas gave no such charge to the witnesses as he was bidden; Jesus was given no counsel; he was treated from the first as if he was guilty; the examination was held in the night, and he was condemned at once so far as these men could condemn him. Moreover, this meeting had no right even to examine any one.

It was not yet light, but in the little time before the councilors could be brought together, Caiaphas had sent about and brought in people who, as he thought, would be willing to swear that Jesus had said something wicked. Many were ready to testify whatever they thought would please the high priest, but

no two of them agreed in what they said, and even Caiaphas did not dare to condemn a prisoner on the word of one witness. At last one man testified, "I heard him say he could destroy the Temple and build it in three days." Another testified, "I heard him say he would destroy the Temple that was only made with hands, and in three days he would build one without hands." Neither of these statements was what Jesus had really said, but Caiaphas thought they were so nearly alike that he could act as if they agreed, so he demanded of Jesus, "Do you hear what these two men testify against you? Have you nothing to say to this charge of despising the Temple of God?" Jesus made no reply. There was no reply to make to a judge who was determined to pronounce him guilty. Caiaphas was puzzled for a moment, for he had hoped that he could provoke Jesus and make him talk and defend himself, and that in his haste and indignation he would say something that they could declare made him deserving of death.

The Roman court was the only assembly that could condemn a man to death, but the Romans would not care what a Jewish rabbi had

said about tearing down the Temple. Caiaphas must be able to charge his prisoner with some deed or some word that Romans would call crime. The thing that they would resent soonest and most angrily was a revolt against their power, and Caiaphas had planned what to do if his first scheme failed. The judges sat in a half circle on thick cushions. The high priest sprang from his seat in the centre as if he could no longer endure such wickedness as speaking disrespectfully of the Temple. He made one long stride towards where Jesus stood, and cried, "I put you on oath by the living God to say whether you are the Christ, the Son of Jehovah."

Jesus did not delay his answer for an instant. He said calmly, "I am, and in the time to come you shall see me sitting on the right hand of God and coming among the clouds of heaven." Then Caiaphas pretended to be horrified. He clutched his robe and tore it from top to bottom, as if he was so enraged that he could not control himself. "Do you hear that?" he cried. "He is a blasphemer. Why should we search for witnesses? You have all heard him; you are all witnesses. What ought to be done with him?" And

every one answered, "He ought to be put to death."

The next thing to do was to take Jesus before Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea. That could not be done in the night, so Caiaphas gave his prisoner to the guards to be kept safely till morning.

Now when Jesus was seized, the disciples fled in fear. Peter and John came to themselves first, and followed on to the house of Caiaphas. Some of the household knew John, and he was allowed to come into the open court of the house, but Peter was a stranger, and he could not come in. Then John spoke to the maid who had charge of the door and said, "This man is a friend of mine. Will you let him in?" The girl opened the door for him, and he entered. The servants and some of the soldiers were sitting about a fire, for the night was cold, and Peter sat down among them as if he cared for nothing but to warm himself. The maid who had let him in watched him curiously. She saw how troubled he looked, and noticed that he took no part in the chatter of the other men. She asked him, "Are you, too, one of the rabbi's disciples?" Peter had not expected the question, and he

THE DENIAL OF PETER

was taken aback. For the moment he forgot everything but his own safety, and he answered, "No, I am not; I do not know him; I do not understand what you mean." He left the fire and went out into the porch. Just then the cock crowed. The maid did not believe his answer, and she said to those who were standing around, "There is a man who was with the Galilean rabbi." Peter heard her, and without waiting to be asked, he cried, "I was not." An hour later, a kinsman of the man whose ear Peter had cut off said to him, "Did not I see you in the Garden with Jesus?" and another said, "You are a Galilean. I know by your speech. You are surely one of the disciples of the rabbi." Then Peter, who had been so sure that he would never desert his Master, and who had even rushed forward alone to defend him with the sword, shouted angrily, "I tell you I know nothing about the man; I swear I do not know him." The cock crowed a second time, and Peter started, for he remembered what Jesus had said, "Before the cock crows twice, you will deny me three times." He stood as if he was turned into stone, gazing blankly at one of the doors. It opened, and there came

out the wild, riotous guards with a prisoner whom they mocked and jeered at. They threw a mantle over his head and struck him with their hands and cried, "You are a prophet, now tell us who struck you?" and as the mantle fell to the ground, they spit upon him and beat him with rods. The prisoner did not look at his guards, but he turned and gave one long look at Peter, a look so full of rebuke and sorrow and love and forgiveness that Peter rushed out of the house, threw himself upon the ground, and wept bitterly. Peter was never a coward again.

As soon as it was day, the full council of chief priests and scribes and elders came together, and Jesus was brought before them. They had heard the report of those members of the council who had condemned him in the night, and they asked only one question, "Are you the Christ?" He answered, "If I tell you, you will not believe, and if I ask you such questions as will prove that I am, you will not answer; but I will say that in time to come the Son of Man will sit at the right hand of God." At this they all cried together, "Are you the Son of God?" and he answered, "I am." Then they were satisfied.

"That is enough," they declared, and nodded to one another. "There is no need of any witnesses, for we have heard it ourselves," and the whole company rose and carried Jesus to the house of Pilate, the Roman governor.

Judas was watching by the gates of Caiaphas, and he saw the council go with the prisoner toward the palace of Pilate. Perhaps he had not thought they would dare to condemn one who was innocent. Perhaps he had expected Jesus to free himself by a miracle. A great horror of the crime and of himself came over the wretched man, and he pushed his way into the Temple, even to the place before the Holy of Holies, where some of the priests were making ready for the morning sacrifice. "I have sinned," he groaned; "I have betrayed an innocent man. Take back your money and save him." "You have sinned?" said the priests. "Then that is your affair; it is nothing to us." Judas flung down the thirty pieces of silver upon the marble floor, and rushed out to a desert place and hanged himself. The priests were not troubled about his crime, but they did not know what to do with the money, for it had been given to buy a life, and therefore it was unclean, and could not be

put into the Temple treasury. At last they decided to buy with it the desert place, a worn-out clay field, where Judas had hanged himself, and to use this for a burying ground for stranger Jews who died in Jerusalem.

The chief priests and scribes and elders, who had hastened with Jesus to the gates of Pilate, were also troubled about a question of uncleanness. Pilate was a Roman and a heathen; if they went into his hall, they would become unclean, and could have no share in a great feast that had been provided for the evening by the offerings of the people at the Temple. Pilate cared nothing about any such "Jewish foolishness," as he would have called it, but he had no objections to holding a court in the open air, a thing which the Romans often did, so he went out and seated himself in the beautiful chair of carved ivory that was his judgment throne. He began bluntly, "What has the man done?" They answered, "If he were not an offender, we should not have brought him to you." "Some Jewish nonsense," Pilate muttered, and said aloud, "Take him away and judge him by your own laws." The Jews replied, "We are not permitted to put any man to death." They had hoped

that Pilate would not ask too many questions about the guilt of the prisoner and would condemn him at once, but he asked, "So it is a question of death is it? Then what is his crime?" Now when Jesus was questioned about paying taxes to a heathen emperor, he had answered, "Give to Cæsar what belongs to him," and the chief priests knew that he had no idea of leading the nation to rebel against Cæsar, but they had an answer ready, the speech that Caiaphas had made up when he had forced Jesus to say, "I am the Christ." They said, "He is leading our nation to rebel against the Romans. He tells them that he himself is a king, and that they ought not to pay taxes to Cæsar."

This was a different matter, and although Pilate still half believed it was only "Jewish foolishness," he could not overlook such a charge as this. "Are you the king of the Jews?" he asked, and Jesus answered "I am." But when the chief priests and elders forgot their dignity and burst out into a whirlwind of charges against him, Jesus did not say a word in reply. Most Jewish offenders who were brought before Pilate were very talkative. They had an excuse or an explanation for

every charge, and stormed at their accusers whenever they dared. This man stood with his hands bound, his garments torn and stained, but he was calm and silent. "He is more kingly than Cæsar himself," thought Pilate, and he asked Jesus with as much respect as a Roman could make up his mind to show to a Jew, "Do you not hear of how many things they are accusing you? Have you nothing to say to them?" Even then Jesus made no reply.

Pilate was greatly surprised. Here was something new in that dull city. "I will see this man alone," he said, and he went into his palace, ordering a soldier to bring the prisoner to him. When Jesus stood before him, Pilate asked, "Are you the king of the Jews?" Jesus answered by a question, "Do you ask this because you think it may be true, or only because others have said it to you of me?" "Am I a Jew?" asked Pilate scornfully. "Your own nation and the chief priests brought you before me. What have you done?" Jesus no longer remained silent. Pilate was the governor, and he had a right to question whoever was brought before him. Moreover, there had been a touch of sympathy in Pilate's

JESUS BEFORE PILATE

manner, and he had refused to condemn him without a hearing. Jesus would give this Roman a chance to deal justly, and he replied, answering the charge that the council had brought against him, "My kingdom is not of this world; if it were, my servants would fight, and I should not be given up to my enemies." A kingdom not of this world! Pilate had never heard of such a thing. He could not understand, and he asked, "Are you a king, then?" Jesus answered, "I am. I came into this world to be a witness to the truth, and every one that is of the truth listens to me." "This is, indeed, something new," thought Pilate. "All our great philosophers in Rome and Greece have tried to find out what truth is, and here is a Jewish peasant who thinks he knows. What *is* truth?" he asked with a kind of good-natured contempt; and without waiting for an answer, he went outside the palace and said to the council, "I do not see that the man has done anything wrong." Then they all burst out, "He stirs up the people. He has talked to them all the way from Galilee to Jerusalem." "Ha, Galilee?" cried Pilate. "Is he a Galilean?" "Yes," the priests answered. "Why did you

bring him to me, then?" Pilate demanded. "Antipas is here in Jerusalem. He rules Galilee. Take him to Antipas."

Pilate turned away, very much pleased with himself and his shrewdness. "That man is no rebel," he thought. "He is only a harmless dreamer who fancies that he knows what is true better than any one else. I suppose he has dared to say a word against some of their silly Jewish laws, and they are bound to kill him."

Pilate was a Roman, and the Romans always preferred to be just, so far as they could without loss to themselves, but Pilate did not dare to oppose the Jews too far. There had been revolts against him before, and the emperor had been displeased that he had not yielded to the people in matters which he thought of little importance. To keep the peace, this Roman would not have hesitated to take a life; but by sending the prisoner to Antipas he would avoid putting a man to death unjustly, the Jewish chief priests and Pharisees would have no reason for rebellion, and if the friends of Jesus made any revolt, it would be against Antipas, whom they already hated for killing John the baptizer, and not

against him; it was really a shrewd scheme. Besides all this, Antipas had been Pilate's enemy ever since he had killed the Galileans while they were sacrificing at the altar, and this courtesy of sending him an accused man because he was from Galilee would win the friendship of the ruler of Galilee. Pilate would not admit even to himself what was, after all, the strongest reason for his act, and that was the feeling that there was some power in this Jewish rabbi that he could not understand, something that interested him and made him a little afraid. "The gods used to come to the earth," he muttered. "In these days men say there are no gods, but it might be, it might be."

Jesus was sent to Antipas, and Antipas was delighted, not only with the attention shown him by Pilate, but with the opportunity to see a miracle. He had never seen a miracle, and now he would have one, for he had heard that Jesus could work greater wonders than any of the prophets. Antipas was once afraid that this rabbi was John the baptizer come back to punish him, but an avenging spirit would not be bound and brought before him as a prisoner — he felt sure of that, so he asked all

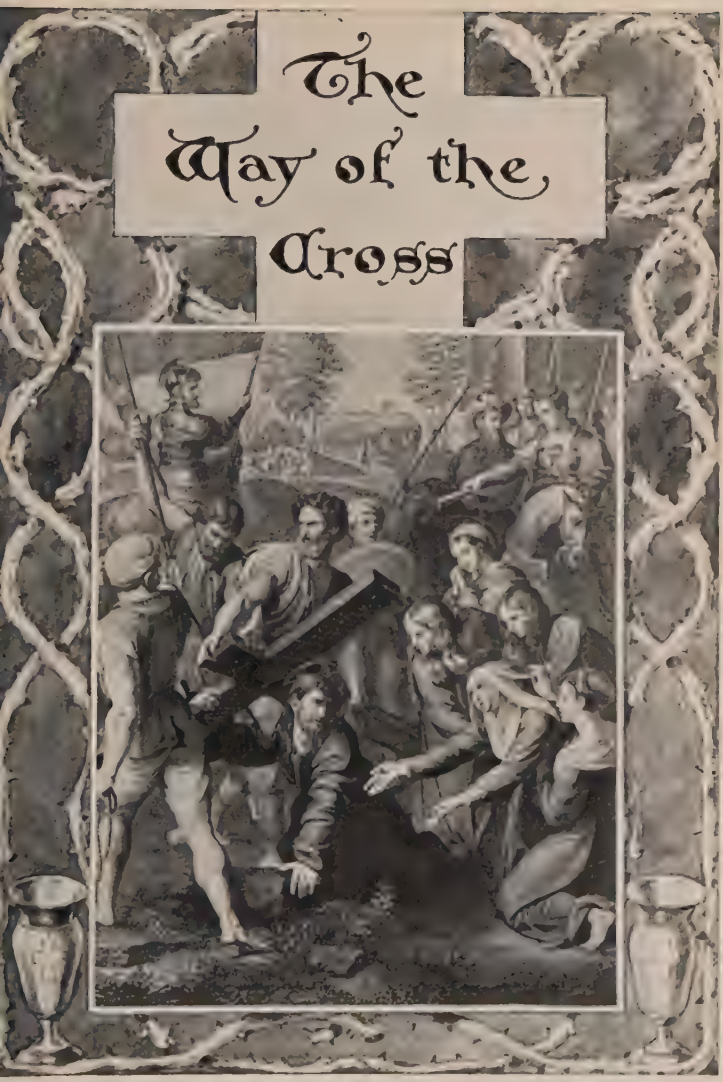
kinds of foolish questions. "How did you drive those people out of the Temple?" he asked. "Was there any magic about the whip you used? They say there is a stone somewhere in the wilderness, and whoever finds it can do what he pleases; did you find it? How do you cast out devils? Is it any harder to drive out two than one? Were those real lepers that you cured? They say that you walked on the water; how did you do it?" Jesus had been ready to answer Pilate when the Roman showed the least wish to be just, but he had no reply for such questions as these, and he was silent. "Show me a miracle," demanded Antipas. "If it is a really great one, — well, I can do a good deal for you, and we will see what can be done." Then the chief priests and the scribes burst out with their charges against him, but they were not Galileans, and Antipas was not so afraid of their anger as Pilate had been, and he was no longer in fear of Jesus. "If he could work any wonders, he would have freed himself," thought Antipas, and he said to his guards aloud, "He thinks he is a king, does he? Then dress him up like a king. Get an old robe of mine and put it upon

him." So the soldiers put upon the prisoner a robe that had been bright and gorgeous, but was now soiled and faded. They mocked him and scoffed at him, until Antipas was no longer amused by their jeering, and then he sent Jesus back to Pilate with a polite message of thanks for his courtesy.

Pilate called together the chief priests and the rulers and said, "You brought this man before me and declared that he was leading the people to rebel against Cæsar. I have examined him, and Antipas has examined him, and we do not see that he has done anything that deserves death." If Pilate had been a brave man, he would have stopped there, but although he was a little afraid of Jesus, he was more afraid of the Jews. He did not wish to kill the prisoner, and he did not dare to set him free, so he added, "I will have him scourged and then let him go," for he thought perhaps this scourging would satisfy the Jews and he would escape from putting an innocent man to death. The chief priests and the rulers shouted, "No, no!" In the midst of the shouting, a servant came to Pilate with a message from his wife. "Do nothing to harm that righteous man," were her words,

I do with Jesus who is called the Christ?" he asked. "Let him be crucified!" was the answer. "What wrong has he done?" asked Pilate. "Crucify him!" was the only reply. Pilate spoke again. "I do not find that he deserves death. I will scourge him and set him free." "Crucify him! crucify him!" cried the crowd madly. A tumult was arising, and this would be reported at Rome; he might be put out of his office. Pilate still thought he could do wrong and not be punished. He called for water, and before the multitude he washed his hands and declared, "As my hands are made clean by this water, so am I innocent of the death of this righteous man. Take it upon yourselves." All the people cried, "Let the blame for his death be upon us and upon our children." Then Pilate freed Barabbas, and ordered Jesus to be crucified, and, as the custom was among the Romans, to be scourged before he was crucified.

The Way of the Cross



XXIII

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

Scourging was so terrible a punishment that the Roman law forbade any one to inflict it upon a Roman citizen. The scourge was made of thongs of leather, ending in sharp leaden weights. With this the sufferer was beaten. Blood flowed at every blow, and the whole body was torn and mangled. Many died under a torture so horrible. Jesus bore all this, and Pilate as governor sat looking on; but he would not be reported to the Roman emperor, and he had saved his office.

Jesus was now in the hands of the brutal Roman soldiers. They led him into the palace court. They put upon him the scarlet cloak of one of the soldiers. "That will be royal enough for the King of the Jews," they cried. "But the king must have a crown," and one of them twisted together twigs from a thorn tree that grew in the garden, and pressed it down

upon his head. "A sceptre! get a sceptre!" they shouted, and a reed from the river bank was put into his right hand. This was sport, indeed, they thought. It was long since they had had such amusement. Who cared what was done to a man who was to be crucified! Who cared what was done to a Jew! Then they knelt down before him and mocked him. "Ha, the King of the Jews!" they cried. "Hail, King of the Jews! Hail!" They spit upon him; they smote him upon the head with the reed; they struck him with their hands. Jesus, weak and faint and bleeding, Jesus; who might with a word have made them suffer what he was suffering, sat on the mock throne where they had placed him and endured all that they could do.

Pilate had washed his hands and declared that he was not to blame for the death of Jesus; but he knew that he was, and he tried again to save him if he could without himself getting into trouble. "I will show him once more to the Jews," he thought. "They will see what he has suffered, and they will not insist upon his being crucified." So he bade the guards bring Jesus out before the palace, where the chief priests and the elders could see

him, for they were waiting to make sure that the sentence was carried out. Jesus stood before them, pale, tottering, the scarlet garment of mockery over his shoulders, and the crown of thorns on his head, and still so noble, so kingly, that the Roman governor looked at him and was afraid. Then said Pilate, "Look at your king!" "Crucify him! crucify him!" shouted the chief priests and the elders. "I see no wrong that he has done," said Pilate. "He has broken no Roman law. Crucify him yourselves, if you must have it so." "He has broken our law," answered the Jews. "He is a blasphemer, for he has declared that he is the Son of God."

Then Pilate was more frightened than ever. He did not dare to put this man to death, and he did not dare to set him free. He went back into his palace and had Jesus brought before him again. "Who are you?" he asked. "Are you the Son of the Jewish Jehovah? Where did you come from?" If Jesus had answered, "I am the Son of God," Pilate would perhaps have released him, for he would have feared that the Jewish Jehovah might have more power than the old gods of Rome in whom he half believed even yet; but if

Pilate would not do right because it was right, Jesus would not frighten him into doing right, and therefore he was silent. Pilate said, "Do you refuse to answer me? Do you not know that I can either free you or crucify you as I will?" Then Jesus spoke. "You would have no power against me if God had not permitted it; therefore those who gave me up to you are even more to blame than you." This man, condemned to die, was actually behaving as if he were the judge, and telling who was more and who was less in fault. Pilate tried again to save him, but the Jews cried out, "He said he was a king, and that is an insult to Cæsar. If you let him go, you are no friend to Cæsar." "I am a soft-hearted fool," thought Pilate. "Shall I give up my province, be imprisoned, and perhaps banished by the emperor, to save the life of one of these worthless Jews?"

Then Pilate commanded, "Set my judgment seat on the high place." This was a raised platform of marble built out in front of the palace. Jesus was taken there, and Pilate said to the Jews, "Look, there is your king." "Away with him!" they shouted. "Crucify him!" "Shall I crucify your king?" de-

JESUS LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM

manded Pilate, and the chief priests cried, "We have no king but Cæsar." Even in his fear and anger, Pilate must have felt a grim amusement to see these Jews, who hated the Roman rule with all their hearts, so eager to claim Cæsar as their king. "I cannot do any more for him," Pilate said to himself, and he gave Jesus up to them to be crucified.

Amid jeers and mockery the scarlet cloak was torn off Jesus, and he was led away. The shorter of the two wooden beams that were to form the cross was laid upon his shoulders, all torn and bleeding from the terrible Roman scourge. Four soldiers walked beside him. A whitened board was borne before him, and on it was written in black letters, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." It was written in three languages: Aramaic, the every-day language of the Jews; Latin, the language of the Romans; and Greek, the language of many foreigners who were then in Jerusalem. They had gone but a little way before the officer in command saw that Jesus could no longer carry the beam. A man named Simon was coming from the country into Jerusalem, and the officer stopped him and ordered him to carry it. Behind the

soldiers, and coming as near as they dared, was a great multitude of people: friends, who came because they loved him; enemies, who came to make sure that the sentence was fully carried out; and with them the rabble, who came as they would have gone to any place of amusement. Jesus spoke but once on the way, and that was in pity. Many women were in the street, and as they looked at him, they wept and wailed and lamented. He said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves, for the days are coming when you will suffer so that you will cry to the mountains to fall upon you and hide you from your enemies."

The place of crucifixion was a bare, rounded hill called Calvary. The cross was laid upon the ground, and Jesus was stretched upon it. Heavy iron nails were driven through his hands and his feet. Then the cross was raised, and Jesus was "lifted up," as he had told his disciples he should be. A deep hole in which the cross was to stand had already been dug, and into this the soldiers dropped the end of the upright beam with a shock that was agonizing. Then, indeed, Jesus cried out, but it was no cry of pity for himself. It was,

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Above his head was nailed the board on which was written, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The chief priests were angry at this inscription, for Calvary was near the city, and many, both Jews and strangers, were passing by. They went to Pilate and said, "Do not write, 'King of the Jews,' but 'He said, I am King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered shortly, "What I have written I have written," and then turned away.

It was the custom of the women of Jerusalem to put myrrh into wine and bring it to Calvary whenever any one was to be crucified, for they were allowed to give it to those who were to die. It half stupefied them, so that they did not feel the terrible pain quite so severely, but Jesus had refused this drink, and in the midst of his agony he saw clearly all that was taking place around him. At the foot of the cross sat the four Roman soldiers, dividing his garments into four parts, for each was to have a share. The tunic was left. "There is no seam in it, and it is a pity to tear it," said one of them, and another suggested, "Let us shake dice for it." So they

shook the dice, and when one had drawn it the rest laughed. "He always was a lucky fellow," they cried. Others came as near as the guards would permit, the chief priests, scribes, elders, and rulers. They nodded their heads and called, "You are the one that could destroy the Temple and build it up again in three days. Come down from the cross, if you are the Son of God. Come down, King of Israel, and we will believe you. You were so ready to save others, now save yourself. You trusted in God, did you? Now let him save you." The soldiers sat eating a midday lunch, and they offered him some of their wine, bowing before him in mockery, and calling, "If you are the King of the Jews, come down and save yourself."

On either side of Jesus was a cross, and on these crosses hung two robbers. One of them called, "You are the Christ, are you? Then why do you not save yourself and us?" But the other said to the first, "Have you no fear of God? You will soon die as well as this man. You and I deserve this death, but he does not;" and then he spoke words that gave Jesus deep happiness even in his suffering. Jesus was dying, and at this time, when

THE CRUCIFIXION

many who had called themselves his followers doubted whether he really was the Christ, this robber did not doubt, but believed in him, and said, "Jesus, when you come into your kingdom, remember me." Jesus promised. "To-day," he said, "shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

It was noon, when the glare of the sun was most dazzling, and its heat most burning, but on this day darkness fell over the earth. Through the shadow Jesus could see the face of his mother. With her were Mary of Magdala and many other women of Galilee and the beloved disciple John. "Woman," Jesus said, using the same title of tenderness and respect that he had used at the happy time in Cana, "woman, behold thy son." John was beside her, and Jesus meant that she would find him a true and loving son to her. Then to John he said, "Behold thy mother." John was the only one of the disciples who had followed the Master to the cross, and Jesus rewarded him by trusting him with the care of his mother.

Darkness hung over the earth from twelve until three. At three Jesus cried out in a loud voice the Aramaic words, "Eloi, Eloi, lama

sabachthani?" that is, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The first words sounded a little like "Elijah, Elijah," and some of the people said, "He is calling upon Elijah." "I thirst," said Jesus faintly, and some one caught up a sponge that had stopped the mouth of the soldiers' drinking-jar of thin wine, filled it with wine, fastened it to a stem of hyssop that was growing near, and held it up to him. "No," said some of the others. "Don't give it to him. Wait and see whether Elijah will come to save him." Jesus did not refuse the drink. He gave one cry, not of pain, but a great shout of triumph, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." His head sank upon his breast, and he said, "It is finished."

Then even the Roman soldiers fell on the ground with fear, for the earth shook, the rocks were split, and tombs in the hillsides were burst open. The centurion and the soldiers who were with him gazed at one another in fear. "This was a righteous man," said the centurion. "Truly, this was the Son of God." In the Temple, between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, there was a thick curtain of the richest tapestry that could

be made. It was of blue and scarlet and purple and gold. At the moment of Jesus' death, this vail was suddenly torn from the top to the bottom, and the Holy of Holies, the place so sacred that no one entered it but the high priest, and he only once a year, was thrown open for all to see who wished, for the life of Jesus had shown God to all mankind.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday. At sunset the Sabbath would begin, and the Passover Sabbath was one of the great days of the Jewish year. Three bodies hanging on crosses after sunset so near the Holy City would make the land unclean, so the Jews went to Pilate again with a request. "It is against our laws," they declared, "to have bodies hang on crosses on the Sabbath. Will you order the soldiers to put those three men to death, so that they may be buried before sunset?" This was a request which Pilate did not hesitate to grant. He cared nothing for the two thieves, but he thought it would be a relief to know that the strange man who might be the son of the Jewish Jehovah was dead and buried; so he gave orders that the three should be killed at once in the barbarous Roman fashion, by breaking

their legs with blows of heavy clubs. The soldiers went out to obey, and they broke the legs of the two thieves, but when they came to Jesus, they saw that he was already dead. "I 've seen many a crucifixion," said one of them, "but I never saw a man die so soon." "Better make sure," advised the other, and he pierced the side of Jesus with his spear.

The bodies of the two thieves were hurried into the rubbish piles and ash heaps of the city in the Valley of Hinnom; and there the body of Jesus would have been thrown, had it not been for two friends of his, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, who came to him by night so long before. Both of these men had been afraid to say boldly that they believed in Jesus, but they were not afraid to follow him to Calvary, and when he was dead they walked away from the place together. "The body of the Master shall not be thrown into the Valley of Hinnom," Joseph said to Nicodemus. "But can we prevent it?" asked Nicodemus. "Pilate's doors are always open to a gift," replied Joseph, "and the gift shall go before me." "I will go and buy myrrh and aloes and spices," said Nicodemus. Then Joseph went to Pilate's palace and asked to

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GOLGOTHA

see the governor. Pilate was ready to grant any favor to a man who had just sent him a purse of gold, but he was much surprised when the rich councilor asked, "Will you give me the body of Jesus, who died on the cross to-day?" "Died! He is not dead already!" exclaimed Pilate, and he sent for the centurion who had had charge of the crucifixion. "Is the Nazarene dead, the one who said that he was King of the Jews?" he demanded. "The King of the Jews is dead," the centurion answered gravely. Pilate would have liked to know more of his death, but he would not ask any further questions. He turned to Joseph and nodded without saying a word.

Then Joseph and Nicodemus went to Calvary, where the body of Jesus still hung on the cross. The eyes of those strong men filled with tears as they drew out the heavy nails that pierced his hands and feet. Joseph owned a beautiful garden not far from Calvary, and in the garden was a tomb cut out of the rock. He had meant it for himself and his family, but no one had ever been placed in it. There he and Nicodemus carried the body of Jesus. They laid it down gently upon the soft green grass, and bathed away the blood

go away. At last they said, "Let us go and prepare spices and ointment, and return as soon as the Sabbath is over," and they went to their homes.

Before the trumpets sounded at sunset on Friday evening to say that the Sabbath had begun, the chief priests and the Pharisees met together and rejoiced that Jesus was dead. "There will be no more driving of our dealers out of the Temple," said one of the chief priests; and a Pharisee added, "The people will believe what they are taught now." This did not please the chief priests, for they and the Pharisees did not agree; but they had no time to quarrel, for another of the chief priests burst into the room and cried, "Joseph of Arimathea has begged the body of Jesus from Pilate, and even now he and Nicodemus are burying it in Joseph's new tomb in his own garden." "How did Pilate ever grant such a request?" cried one, and another replied, "Pilate likes money; Joseph has money. The rest is easy." "And Pilate himself was half inclined to believe in that pretender!" exclaimed a third. "I suppose he thought he might be the son of the heathen Jupiter." A man who had been sitting a little apart

then said, "Do you remember that when the pretender was alive he declared that if he was put to death he would come to life again on the third day? What is to hinder his disciples from stealing away his body and saying that his words have come true?" "He ought to have been thrown into the Valley of Hinnom," cried one. "There is no resurrection from Hinnom." "But what shall we do?" another asked, and they discussed the question. By the Jewish way of counting time the day after Friday was called the second day, and the next was called the third day. "It is not many hours before the third day will come and go," one suggested. "Let us ask Pilate to give us a guard for the tomb, and then if any one rolls away the stone, he will have Rome to deal with."

So on the Sabbath, as early in the morning as they dared, the chief priests and Pharisees went to Pilate and said, "Sir, we have just remembered that when that Galilean deceiver was alive he prophesied that if he was put to death it would make no difference, for he should come to life again on the third day. Will you not command a guard to watch the tomb till the third day is past? For if his

disciples steal him away and tell the people that he is risen from the dead, they will believe in him more firmly than ever." Pilate was annoyed by the whole matter, and he said shortly, "Take whatever guard you like;" but he was still uneasy about what the power of the strange man whom he had put to death might be, and he called as they were going out of the door, "Make it as sure as you can."

Then the chief priests and Pharisees and the guard of Roman soldiers went to the tomb in the garden of Joseph. They stretched cords across the stone at the opening and fastened them to the rock on either side by lumps of wet clay. "There!" said the soldiers, "no one will break in here without our knowing it." But the chief priests were not yet satisfied. "Seal it with the seal of the emperor," they said, "for it is death to break that." Then the clay was sealed with the emperor's seal, and the soldiers watched the tomb. It was all a very foolish affair to them, but a Roman soldier must obey orders, and if he was told to guard a rock and a bit of clay, that was what he must do.

The Lords Day

XXIV

THE LORD'S DAY

FRIDAY night, Saturday, and Saturday night Roman soldiers guarded the tomb. They were relieved every three hours, and they made a good time of their watch. They told stories, they shook dice, and they made bets on whether a bird would be seen first on the right or on the left. When twilight came they built a fire, for the evenings were cool. All was quiet; but when Saturday night was gone, and the morning of the third day was beginning to brighten, the earth suddenly rocked and tossed under their feet. "More of the earthquake, but it will soon" — one of them began to say carelessly, to show that he had no fear of earthquakes, but before his words were finished, a dazzling light blazed around the men. The cords snapped, and the emperor's seal fell into bits of clay. The great stone rolled away of itself from the entrance

to the tomb, and in the light they saw an angel. His robes were white as snow, and his face shone like lightning. The soldiers trembled and fell to the ground like dead men.

Now Mary of Magdala and the other faithful women did not know that soldiers had been sent to guard the tomb, so at early dawn they set out with their spices and ointments to embalm the body of Jesus. As they came into the garden, one of them said, "But what shall we do? The stone is very large, and we cannot move it." Then as they came nearer, they saw that the stone had been rolled away. The guards had fled in terror, but the women supposed that Joseph and Nicodemus or some of their servants had come before them, and they stepped into the tomb. On the right hand sat a young man in a white robe, who said, "Do not be troubled, and do not be afraid. I know that you have come to look for Jesus, who was crucified. He is not here; he is risen, just as he said. See, this is where he was laid!" The women could not understand, and as they stood gazing at the angel, a second angel stood by them in dazzling garments. The women were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, but the angel

PETER AND JOHN HASTENING TO THE TOMB

said, "This is the place for the dead. Why do you look here for him who is alive? Go and say to Peter and the other disciples, 'The Master will go before you into Galilee. Go to Galilee, and you shall see him there, as he promised you.'" The women could not speak, and the angel continued, "Do you not remember that when he was in Galilee he told you that he should be given up into the hands of wicked men, and be crucified, and that the third day he should rise again?" The women remembered his words, but they were too much astonished to understand or believe them. They ran to the disciples and told them about the angels and what they had said. It was all as mysterious to the disciples as to the women, and they replied, "It is only fancy. You were worn out with your sorrow, and you thought you saw a vision." But the women declared, "It was no fancy. The angels were there, and they did speak to us, but they did not tell us where to find the Master's body. It is gone from the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid it;" for even after they had been told that Jesus had risen from the dead, they were still expecting to find his body. Then Peter and John arose and hastened to

the garden. The stone was indeed rolled away. They ran to the opening, and John stooped down and looked in, but in the darkness he could see only the gleam of the white linen. Peter was not so young as John, and could not run so fast, but when he came to the tomb, he did not hesitate for a moment to go in through the opening. There were the linen wrappings lying in one place and the cloth that had been laid upon the face of Jesus lying in another. They were folded carefully, and so the men knew that no enemy or no wild beast had been there; but who could it have been? Puzzled and wondering, they turned slowly away and went to their homes.

Mary of Magdala could not stay away from the place where her Lord had been, and when the men were gone, she still stood by the tomb and wept. Then she thought, "He must be there. I will look again," and she, too, stooped and looked into the tomb. There where the body of Jesus had lain were two angels, one at the place where the head had been and one at the foot. They asked her gently, "Woman, why do you weep?" She was too full of grief to be afraid, and she answered, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALENE

do not know where they have laid him." She turned back. Her eyes were blinded with tears, but she saw some one whom she thought to be the gardener standing in the shade of a tree outside the tomb. He asked, "Woman, why do you weep? Whom do you seek?" She answered, "Oh, sir, if you have carried him from here, tell me where he is, and I will take him away." Then he said only one word, "Mary;" but it was the Master's voice, for it was he and no gardener who stood in the shade of the tree. "Rabboni, my Master!" she exclaimed, and would have thrown her arms about him in her joy. "Do not touch me," he said, "for I have not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren and tell them that I shall ascend unto him who is my Father and their Father, my God and their God." Then came the other women, and as they drew near, Jesus went toward them and greeted them in the old familiar words, "All hail!" They could not speak for joy, they could only throw themselves at his feet and do him reverence. Jesus said to them, "Fear not, but go and tell my brethren to leave Jerusalem and go home to Galilee. They shall find me there."

While the women were joyful and the men were doubting and not daring to believe their story, the chief priests were in a great difficulty. The Roman guards had come to them with pale faces and trembling limbs and told them of the coming of the angel. "This must not be known," the priests whispered to one another, "or the whole city will believe in the pretender;" and they said to the soldiers, "It was nothing. You slept and had a dream, that was all." "Roman guards keep awake," the soldiers answered. "When a Roman soldier sleeps at his post, he dies the next day." Then the priests said, "Wait here until we have decided what is best." In a little while they came for the soldiers and led them into an inner room. When the door was fastened, they said, "See!" and there lay more gold than the men had ever dreamed of possessing, for it took more to bribe a Roman soldier than to bribe Judas. "That is yours," said the priests, "if you will say throughout the city that the disciples of Jesus came by night and stole him away while you slept." "What is the good of gold?" demanded one of the soldiers scornfully, "if a man is to be put to death for sleeping at his post?" "You need

not fear," replied the priests. "Do as we say; if the matter comes to the governor's ears, we will see that you are not punished. We know how to persuade Pilate," and they glanced at the gold and smiled. So the soldiers took the gold; but as they went through the door, one of the priests whispered, "If you speak of the coming of angels, it will be easy for us to tell Pilate that you slept and dreamed." The soldiers went away with their money, and told the story as the priests had bidden them.

Jesus had told the apostles to go into Galilee and wait for him there, but they lingered in Jerusalem and hesitated. They could not think that he had really risen from the dead, and they could not bear to go away from the place where they had seen him last. Two of the men, however, who had believed in him decided to go to Emmaus, a village seven or eight miles from Jerusalem. As they walked together, they talked sadly of what had come to pass. After they had gone a little way, a young man drew near and asked, "What is it that you are talking about so earnestly?" They were so sad that they did not wish to talk to a stranger, but after a moment one of them asked, "Are you the only man in Jerusalem

who does not know the things that have happened in the last few days?" The stranger asked, "What things?" and they answered, "About Jesus of Nazareth, a great prophet, one who did wonderful miracles and spoke words of truth. Do you not know that the chief priests and our rulers gave him up to Pilate that he might be condemned to death, and then they crucified him? We hoped that he was the Christ who would deliver our nation, but it is now the third day since this was done. Another thing puzzles us, for some women who were also his followers went to the tomb early this morning, but his body was not there. They told us that they had seen two angels who said he was alive. Some of us went to the tomb afterwards, and we found, indeed, that his body was gone."

Then the stranger asked, "Why are you so slow to believe? You have read the prophets; are not all these things just what they said the Christ would suffer, and that after them he would die and enter into glory?" He reminded them of all that the prophets had said about Christ. "Do you not see," he asked, "that every one of these prophecies points out Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah?"

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THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS

While they were talking they came to the home of the two men. "Come in with us," they begged. "It is almost evening. Come in and stay with us and tell us more of the Christ." The stranger went in with them. The evening meal was soon ready, and they went to the table. The place of honor was of course given to the guest, and he said the few words that called for God's blessing on the food. Then he broke the bread and gave it to them, but they forgot to eat, for their eyes were opened, and they saw that the stranger was the Master himself. While they gazed, too full of joy and wonder to speak or move, he vanished from their sight. "Why did we not know him?" they lamented. "How could we help knowing him when he talked with us on the road? We felt that he was no common man. Why did we not see that it was the Master?"

It was already twilight, but the two men hurried back to Jerusalem, to the room where the apostles and other followers of Jesus were met together. "The Lord is risen!" cried the disciples as they opened the door. "He has appeared to Peter." "We, too, have seen the Lord," said the two, and they told

the others about the stranger who had talked with them on the road to Emmaus. "We were dull and slow," they groaned, "and we did not know him till he blessed the bread and broke it and gave it to us, and then we saw that it was the Lord himself." All this time the doors were closely shut, for fear of the Jews, but suddenly Jesus himself stood in the midst of his disciples and said, "Peace be unto you." "It is a spirit!" cried some of them, and they were afraid. Jesus asked, "Why are you afraid? Why do you doubt and question? See the prints of the nails in my hands and my feet. See the wound in my side. Touch me. No spirit has flesh and bones as I have." The disciples could hardly believe that it was really their own dear Master until Jesus asked, "Have you any food?" They gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and he ate before them. Never was there such gladness in all the world as in that room where the disciples were hidden away and the doors were shut for fear of their enemies.

These men were to go on with the work of Jesus in the world, and he said to them again, "Peace be unto you. I am sending you out to teach the world, just as my Father sent me.

Receive the Holy Spirit." Then he spoke some very solemn words. "It is your work," he said, "to tell men that God forgives sin. If you are faithful, the sins of many will be forgiven; but if you are not faithful, they will not be forgiven." There were many questions that the disciples were eager to ask him, but suddenly they found that he was no longer among them.

I go
to the Father

XXV

I GO TO THE FATHER

THOMAS was not with the other disciples when Jesus came, and as soon as he returned they cried, "O Thomas, Thomas, how could you be away? We have seen the Lord." "It cannot be," declared Thomas. "You are deceived." "But we saw the print of the nails," they replied. "It was the Lord himself." Then said Thomas, "Unless I, too, can see the print of the nails in his hands and touch it, and put my hand on the wound in his side, I will not believe that he whom you saw was the Master."

All that week Thomas did not know what to think. "Jesus is dead," he said to himself, "and it was not he that they saw." Then he thought, "Perhaps it was he, and I am not worthy, or the Master would have shown himself to me. I may as well go back to my fishing. It was a happy time with him, but

now it is over." Still Thomas could not stay away from the other disciples, for in spite of his doubt, his first thought every morning was, "Perhaps he will come to-day;" and at evening he went to sleep saying to himself, "It may be that I shall see him to-morrow." Jesus was sorry for Thomas, and at the end of the week Thomas, too, saw the Lord. The disciples were together in that same upper room, and the doors were closed, but there was Jesus standing in the midst. He gave them the old greeting that always seemed new when it came from his lips, "Peace be unto you!" and then he turned to Thomas and said, "Stretch out your finger and touch the print of the nails in my hands, and put your hand upon the wound in my side. Do not doubt, but believe." Thomas cried, "My Lord and my God!" and Jesus said, "You have believed because you have seen me; blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed." Then Jesus disappeared from among them. Thomas was grieved and sorry that he had ever doubted that Jesus would rise from the dead. "And he came even to me," he thought over and over, for it seemed too wonderful to be true.

JESUS AND ST. THOMAS

For three years the disciples had been with Jesus day and night. They had followed him like little children whom one would lead by the hand, and they had obeyed him like children. Now that he was no more living among them in the old familiar way, they felt as helpless as children. Then they remembered that he had sent them word by the women at the tomb, "Go back into Galilee, and I will meet you there." So they went back to Galilee. They all felt that Jesus would call them, and they were ready to do whatever he bade, but they had no idea what he would ask.

Peter and Thomas and Nathanael and James and John and Philip and Andrew went to the Sea of Galilee, and stood where they had so often stood with their Master. They were talking about him, and when he would call them, and what he would tell them to do. At last Peter said, "We do not know when he will come, and I will go to my fishing." "We will go with you," agreed the others. They went into the boat, and all that night they fished, but they caught nothing. At break of day they turned their boat homeward, and as they neared the shore, some one standing on the beach called to them in the mist, "Children,

have you anything to eat?" "No," they answered, and hardly glanced at him, for it was a common way to speak and a common question to be asked by people on the shore who wished to buy fish when the boats came to land in the morning. They heard the voice again. "Cast your net on the right side of the boat," it said, "and you will find fish." They cast the net, and now it was so full that they could not draw it in. Then John whispered to Peter, "It is the Lord." Warm-hearted Peter could not wait for the boat to come to land, but threw himself into the sea to find whether it really was the Master. He was soon near enough to see that it was, but he did not dare to speak. There was Jesus, and near him was a little fire of coals with fish laid on them to broil, and some bread. Then Jesus bade them bring some of the fish that they had taken. Peter ran down to the net and helped the others draw it to the land. In it there were one hundred and fifty-three great fishes, and yet the net did not break. Jesus said to them all, "Come and breakfast," and he gave them bread and fish, just as he had done many times before. He did it in the very same way, and they loved him as they had for three years, but they felt

a strange awe of him. He was the same, but not the same. Peter and James and John remembered his face as they had seen it on the mountain when Moses and Elijah had talked with him. "He is on earth," they thought, "but he looks as if he were in heaven," and they did not dare to ask him any questions.

When they had eaten the bread and the fish, Jesus asked Peter, "Simon, do you love me?" In a moment Peter remembered the night when he had cried, "I will never doubt you," and he remembered how soon he had said, "I do not know him." Still he was so sure that Jesus understood how sorry he had been and how much he really loved his Master, in spite of the moment's cowardice, that he answered, "Yes, Lord, you know that I love you." Jesus said, "Feed my lambs." After a little while Jesus asked him again, "Simon, do you love me?" Peter answered again, "Yes, Lord, you know that I love you." "Care for my sheep," said Jesus. Even a third time Jesus asked, "Simon, do you love me?" Then Peter was grieved, and he thought, "The Master knows how sorry I am for what I did on that terrible morning in the court of Caiaphas's house. Will he never forgive me?" and he cried, "Lord, you

know everything; you know that I love you." Jesus replied only, "Feed my sheep;" and Peter thought, "How can I prove that I love him? I was a coward once, but I will die for him — if he will only let me!" Jesus answered his thought. "When you were young," he said, "you girded up your robe and walked where you chose; but when you are old, others shall gird you and carry you where you do not choose." Peter understood by this that some day he would give his life for the Master, and when Jesus added, "Follow me," he sprang up, ready to follow even unto death. John, too, started up at the word "Follow." "Lord, what shall he do?" asked Peter, but Jesus replied, "That you must not ask to know. It is nothing to you, even if I should wish him to live until I come again. Follow me, and bear trouble and suffering as I have borne them."

At some time since his rising from the dead, Jesus had told his disciples to come together on a mountain in Galilee, and there they should meet him. Not only the eleven apostles, but five hundred others, followers of Jesus, met on this mountain, and when they had come together, they saw him standing

before them. Even then there were a few who doubted, but the great company worshiped him as the Christ. Jesus had much to say to these people, for it was the last time that he would speak to them, and he wished to tell them what they were to do. He said, "My Father has given me all authority in heaven and on earth, and I bid you go among all nations. Baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey whatever I have taught you;" and then he made a glorious promise, so that they should never feel lonely and never doubt him, — "I will be with you always, even to the end of the world."

For forty days Jesus came and went among his disciples. They were always expecting to see him and always hoping that he would come. He had appeared among them when they were met together to talk of him, and when they were busy with hard work to earn their food. He had lingered with them in the places that he had loved best, in Galilee and by the Sea of Galilee. Jerusalem, too, he loved, though it had refused to hear him, and Bethany and the Mount of Olives. He wished to go to these places with them, for

he wanted them to remember that, although he had gone to heaven, he was the same Master and Friend who had lived among them on the earth. Forty days after he arose from the dead he told the eleven to go to the upper room in Jerusalem. When they had come together, Jesus stood among them. "Do you remember," he asked, "all that I told you about myself? and do you remember what the prophets said about the Christ, how you could know when he had really come?" Then he explained to them many things that he was afraid they did not understand, and showed them how everything that the prophets had declared would be a sign of the Christ had been true in regard to him. As he talked to them it was so clear that he was the Christ that they wondered how they could have helped knowing it long before. "You are my witnesses," he said. "Stay in Jerusalem till the Holy Spirit has come to you to teach you and comfort you, and then go out to tell the world of me. Teach the people in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

Then he led them down to the bridge across the Cedron and up the slope of the Mount of

Olives. They went past Gethsemane, and came to a place that was opposite Bethany. There he lifted up his hands and blessed them. While he was blessing them, a cloud hid him from their eyes, and when the cloud had passed, the Master had gone up into heaven.

As they stood gazing upward, they heard a voice that said, "Ye men of Galilee, why do you stand gazing up into heaven?" and beside them they saw two angels in white and shining garments. Their faces were radiant with gladness. "This same Jesus," they said joyfully, "who has been taken up from you into heaven shall come again in like manner as you have seen him go into heaven." Then the disciples, too, were joyful, and they went down the mountain and into the city of Jerusalem. The followers of Jesus were met together in the same upper room in which he had come to them on the day of his rising from the dead. There they prayed to the Father, and blessed him with words of praise and thanksgiving, because he loved the world so much that he had sent his only Son to give everlasting life to every one who should believe in him.

So it was that the Son of God became the Son of Man; that he lived, taught, suffered, and died; that he rose from the dead and ascended to sit at the right hand of his Father who is in heaven.